

THE FIELD AFAR

MARYKNOLL



A LIGHT IN KOREA

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA INC.
(LEGAL TITLE)

VOLUME XXI
NOVEMBER

KOREAN NUMBER

NUMBER X
1 9 2 7

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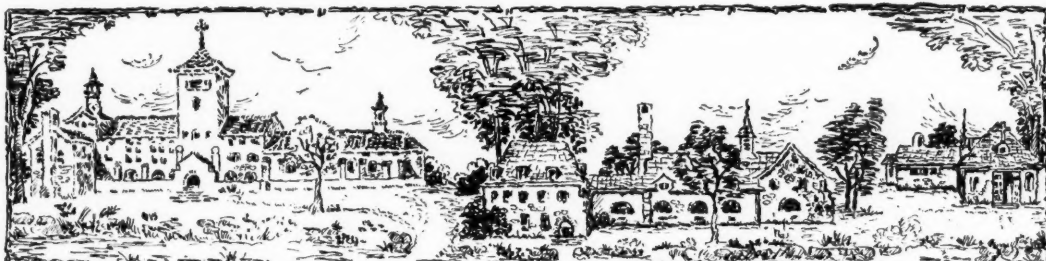
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THE FIELD AFAR

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

The subscription rates are as follows: one dollar (\$1.00) a year; five dollars (\$5.00) for six years; fifty dollars (\$50.00) for life.

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THE FIELD AFAR, Vol. XXI, No. x.

Published the first of every month, except August, at Maryknoll, N. Y. Subscription, \$1.00 a year, in advance. Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.

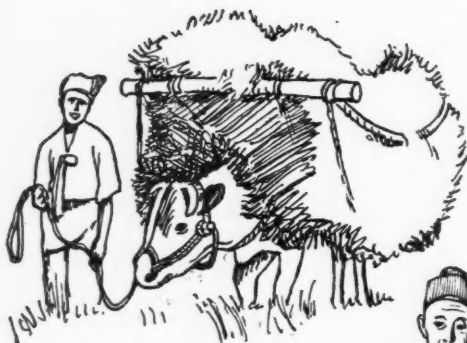
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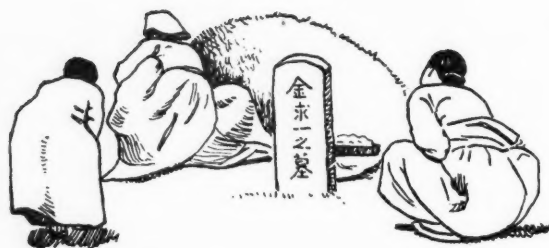
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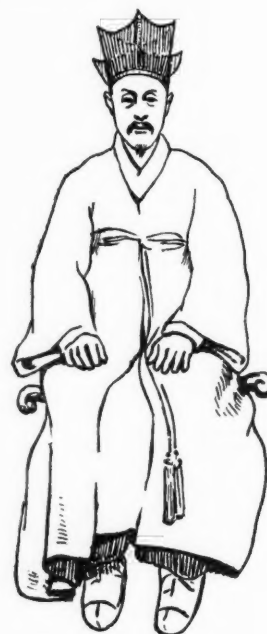


MAKING IRONING STICKS

[The laundered clothes
are pounded smooth
with these]



A "LID MAKER"
PUTTING ON FIFTH AVENUE FINISH



A CORNER ON LEARNING

[For every thousand characters
known, the scholar gets a peak
on his hat]



THE FIELD AFAR

NOVEMBER, 1927



KOREA SPEAKING

Prepared for THE FIELD AFAR by the Rev. Patrick J. Byrne, Superior of the Maryknoll Missions in Korea

WEDNESDAY, Feast of St. Dominic.—It was a weird night at the Japanese inn in Sun Tchun. Sleep had been impossible save in brief snatches, but our mission visitation would soon be done, and then we could repair our quota of snoozes. When we left this new group of Christians at midnight and retired to the inn, the party next door, behind paper partitions, was just beginning to hit on all twelve. By the time the wassailers had subsided, a huge dog underneath the floor drifted from his beauty nap into mortal combat with Banquo's ghost . . . and so marched Father Time till three-thirty, when we folded our tents like the Arabs and sleepily stumbled away.

At the local catechist's house, we found the congregation already assembled, despite the early hour. This is a new station—ours the first visit of a priest. Four men with their wives and children attended the wedding of the couple baptized last night, all devoutly heard Mass, received Holy Communion, and listened attentively to the long-winded instructions of our marathon-tongued catechist.

After a breakfast, thoroughly Korean, in which pickles figured prominently and hot water took the place of coffee, we mounted noble steeds richly caparisoned in burlap and straw rope, for a four-hours' hobble to the sea. Each horse is led by a footman whose main duty it is to make directly for pedestrians on the narrow dike road, forcing them to descend into the rice paddies on each side. In this way, we prove our gentility and acquire an enviable luster on the proper degree of face. Finally, reaching the sea, we beheld our objective, the mountainous island of Sinnido, not five miles from shore. But the ocean was painted, and, as no help came from the heavens, the boatmen were forced to the oars for a two-hours' stretch. Meanwhile, we were assigned the part of par-boiled eggs and filled the rôle to perfection.

As we neared Pilgrim's Rock, we beheld thereon a whole cadet corps in undress uniform, the village schoolboys lined up to give proper and fitting salute to the intrepid apostle who had just braved the perils of the briny deep, without even a parasol, to visit their humble shores.

After the military salute and mutually unrestrained compliments, we climbed a young mountain of much promise and meandered for a half-hour o'er leafy tunneled paths to the first station, Moon Sa Tong, where we found the mud school that had produced the delegation of welcome. Twice a year, this school becomes a church. It was bought by a few Catholics in the locality, poor in pence but rich in faith. However, the majority of pupils are pagan.

In the courtyard were most of the Christians, a bare score ten in number. Formal greetings with profound bows were exchanged, and all repaired to the chapel for the customary Pater and Ave that God might bless the visitation. Then back to the yard for more informal salutes. Deaths and births are commented on, with lamentations and presentations respectively; the weather man is heartily excoriated; forecasts made of fish and rice yields; and so we gradually but inevitably approached the climax and heard the very latest news which amply explained the delegation of school children at the shore.

It is all settled, it seems, that the visiting padre is going to build a fine new school which, while it might not immediately confer degrees on the schol-

ars, would yet confer a considerable degree of face on the local Catholics, and, at the same time, put the island on the scholastic map.

Perhaps he looked a little weak. At any rate, it occurred to someone that maybe no one was getting the padre's dinner. The hold-up was consequently adjourned to a more propitious hour, pots and pans began to rattle, while one brave rooster, the veteran, we came to believe, of many a hard campaign, promptly gave up his life for the cause of the missions.

Dinner at four was the more enjoyed in that breakfast had been at five. Afterwards, there were confessions till the stars began to wink, and then all scattered for home and supper. Duly banqueting again at eight, just to be in style, we took a stroll in the gloaming, to cool off and to see the new school that our guardian angel seems to have contracted for us to build.

The Christians gathered round to explain. A thousand tsubo, one hundred and twenty feet by three hundred, can be had for fifteen sen a tsubo; total, one hundred and fifty yen, or seventy-five dollars. Not so bad! The school building will cost at least one thousand yen more, though all seemed to agree that a better could be built for two. Such a splendid edifice would overshadow everything on the island; it would attract pagan pupils; it would win them to the faith—and, if we didn't do it, we were assuredly no apostle but an obstacle.

We were going down for the third

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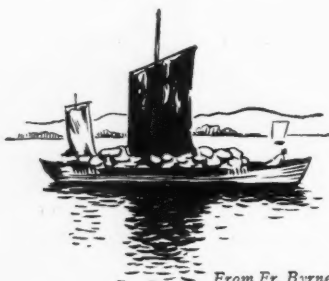


From Fr. Byrne

That
bespectacled,
cynical owl

time when they threw us a life-saver. Quickly we swallowed it, for it savored of the mint, being an agreement to raise three hundred yen among themselves if we would foot the balance. The offer shows sincerity. Could one see the abject poverty of these folks, one would say it showed even more, a genuine devotion, a readiness to make real sacrifices for their children and for their faith, since the amount they have agreed to raise is to them a small fortune in itself.

Then all went inside for the evening harangue. The catechist began to finger the stops, and he pulled out the *vox humana*, and he stepped on the gas; he swung her into the fourth speed forward as he turned on the klaxon; he opened up with his heavy artillery on the right and he called up his reserves on the left; he laid down a barrage that seemed to annihilate both space and time—and behold, all this was only his exordium. After awhile, he began to settle down in earnest, as it were on all fours, and to hum as sweetly and powerfully as a Niagara turbine, with an eloquence that in our opinion is only rendered all the more marvelous, nay, utterly fascinating, by the total lack of any front teeth. For awhile, through the open door, we



On the banks of the Yalu

watched the glistening set faces of the rapt congregation, and then we wandered off for a few distractions with our rosary, under the cedars and the stars.

As the evening wore on, God's creatures trooped out to the play. The moon took a hop o'er the high mountain top for a dance with the waves of the sea, while crabs raced galore on the velvety shore, and the frogs plunked a jazz melodie. But aloof from it all, in a sycamore tall, a bespectacled cynical owl gave a hoot of contempt for the whole merriment, so disgusting to dignified fowl. Now the old rascal bluffed, like some wise birds we know, never dreaming himself was the clown of the show!

When we returned, two hours later, the catechist was still leading the charge. We wondered if the audience stuck it out just because they were in front of the only breeze on the island. In the little lagoon near by, the fish could be heard jumping up for a breath of air; the fireflies indeed seemed to make light of it, but 'twas altogether the sort of night when George Washington saw the bulldog chasing the tomcat, and they were both walking.

Such weather, rare in North Korea, always brings to mind our less fortunate confreres and Sisters in South China, who suffer habitually what we find an exceptional cross. Only one who has actually experienced the enervating oppression of hot, sticky climes can realize the constant effort it takes to "keep on the job" in those regions. Even mental effort becomes tiresome drudgery, yet oriental languages allow no respite to him who would learn; physical exertion is distressful, at times dangerous, but sick calls must be made, and the people must be visited and instructed; Christ must be declared to all, at the equator as well as the pole.

Of the two, the poles seem the more livable. Yet we recall the recent report of a certain Dr. Martin, Protestant medical missionary, who quoted statistics to prove that, despite an apparently excellent climate, Korea and Japan lead the world in invaliding missionaries home. In India, the percentage is twenty, in China twenty-five, in Ko-

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rea and Japan, eighty-one.

It is all very sad—we fall naturally into a noble pose, and take off our shoes; the consciousness of unsuspected martyrdom pardons another light snack before turning in; and, after snapping rubber bands around ankles and sleeves just to puzzle the little darlings that work while you sleep, we proceed to top off the appalling hardships of mission life with a tremendously heroic snooze.

Thursday, Feast of St. Matthias.—The blizzard is still raging, a hurricane that searches out every defect in the double windows. Thanks to our guardian angel, the fire in the stove lasted all night; our room is comfortable, but the thermometer outside the window shivers so violently it is impossible to read it.

As we ploughed our way to church, we wondered who invented that old saw, "too cold to snow." The milky way has descended to our very doors; the angels have whitewashed everything in sight, and they do a pretty thorough job with us ere we measure fifty paces. Familiar landmarks along the ways and byways, refuse, heaps of dirt, trophies of the junkman's chase, are all transformed. Small wonder Luther took his simile for grace from this



From Fr. Byrne

A dance for the devil—to cure the sick

PENALIZE YOURSELF FOR DELINQUENCY

heavenly mantle that so quickly and effectively shrouds whatever is ugly and black. So may we not judge men's hearts by what clever cloak of courtesy and culture may be worn without, until sudden stormy stress betrays it for veneer, much as a gust of rain would so soon reveal again these piles of junk and filth that now appear on dress parade, fantastic faery forms, silvered shrouds o'er "shapes and shrieks and sights unholy."

It is early; we are apparently the first to be about; no fretful insomniac has been planting footprints in the sands of time or the snows of Shingishu; everywhere is virgin desert. It is like walking in a city where everyone is dead. We feel curiously alone; a vague feeling of poesy disturbs our inwards, but to vest it with words, we lack the power. Streets and houses, shrubbery and trees, all are buried in white, so white that the very word becomes incomparable, meaningless; we are lost for utterance; our ideas need a corkscrew. O for a kiss on the Blarney Stone and a share in the gift o' gab! We turn to Bro. Joseph for help.

"Brother," says I, "help us out; poesy is stirring in our marrows."

"It is right chilly," replied Brother; "you should have worn your fur."

"The angels descended last night," I went on "and powdered the face of the earth."

"Well, Shingishu can stand a little powder," quoth Brother, "and, moreover," he adds, stirred with reminiscence, "I know where there's a smell or two that could stand the magic wand of the polecat."

"Brother," I mourned, "your similitudes are of earth earthly, whereas this white mantle is from heaven—a silver vesture from the very angels' looms," said I. "It is more; it is . . . But all my images are banal and wretched weak," says I, "whereas this faery land is unique and gorgeous and challenging to mortal words. We must have fresher, quainter symbols to paint it even drably for the poor old folks at home. How shall we describe it? Behold, frinistance, yon mystic cluster of alabaster rays curving in rhythmic parallels from the dim past to unseen worlds ahead. What would you call them?

Yesterday they were telegraph wires. Today, what?"

"Well," says Brother, taking a critical survey, "to me they look like spaghetti."

There was a corporal's guard at the morning prayers and Mass—only those who dwell fornest the basilica. Someone had started a fire, comforting to see and hear, though beyond perception otherwise. The catechist, fairly on top of it, was trying to thaw a frozen bottle of water when it exploded in his hands, cutting his fingers. Audible comments of various sorts of puzzlement were quite in order. Some looked on him as a martyr; others declared



FATHER BYRNE JOURNEYS
In his al fresco limousine

him a jackass. The court reserved judgment.

On the way home after Mass, we see the season's first black bear, a huge fellow, perhaps a great-grandfather of our little Joey, lying on his back in the roadside by the butcher shop and retailing for ten sen a pound. We placed our order, and my lord butcher hacked away with a hatchet at the frozen meat until we had a basket of chips to take home. Bear meat is a welcome change on the menu—'tis like

beefsteak, and, when tender, even more so. Winter also brings occasional deer to market while pheasants sell at this season for one yen (U. S. A. fifty cents) each.

We recall our first winter in Korea, when the pheasants were running excursions from as far away as Ireland; they darkened the sky; they were commoner than barnyard fowl; they sold for one-half the price of chicken—and we thought it all quite the normal thing. Certainly it caused no stir nor comment among hoi polloi. After a green missionary has been on an oriental mission for a few days, it wouldn't surprise him at all to see the sun and the moon walking down the other side of the street, hand in hand.

After breakfast, Fr. Hunt throws down the gauntlet, takes the bit between his teeth, incites himself to mutiny against further language study, tenderly lifts down Old Blunderbus from his pegged throne over the fireplace, and preens himself for the chase. Blizzard or no blizzard, he is going down to Hiken, thirty-five miles south of here, for that appointed hunting trip with Fr. Sweeney.

Game is plentiful, these days—but some of the game is wild. "I shall keep the wolf away from our door," growls Padre Hunt, "even if I have

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to shoot a bear to do it." We watch him go, with mingled feelings of regret and appetite, promising faithfully to have, on his return, either a banquet or a requiem.

"Speaking of food," said the catechist, who happened by just then, "I am minded of an ancient Korean parable. A certain poor old farmer, while plowing one day, turned up a pot of gold, whereupon he did rejoice exceedingly. 'All my life have I eaten only the cheapest of millet,' said he, 'with perhaps a dried fish once a year. Now I shall dine as the king dines on rare viands and wines from afar.'

"So he hired a chief cook with a whole retinue of bottle washers and artificers in pastry and puddings, and he built unto himself a vast kitchen and a gorgeous dining hall whereat even the king did sniff as he passed by. And the chief cook and the pastry workers descended into the kitchen, and the great ovens roared, and tantalizing odors crept out over the valley—while the old codger just sat back and smiled.

"Then suddenly there struck him a hard thought. 'For such a spread,' he mused, 'twere meet to have a fitting appetite. The better to enjoy it, I shall fast until I feast. Six days will I go without food, and, on the seventh, I shall dine like the gods.' Thereafter did he deny himself even the tiniest morsel, and his hunger grew apace. And, after some days, he would fain relish a mess of millet but he was a determined man, and he ate not. For six full days was he empty, and, on the even of the sixth day, his appetite was indeed all-worthy of the morrow's regal fare.

"And on the seventh day his servants came and they carried him on a rich litter into the dining hall, and they sat him down on a silken couch before the daintiest and the mightiest meal that ever man had wrought. But alas, he ate it not; for he had died of starvation on the way."

The catechist seemed to think it was a pretty good parable. He finished it off with a humble petition for the honor of our distinguished presence at his miserable shack, and his even more wretched dinner, that evening; but we



From Fr. Byrne
They carried him down
to his downy couch

reminded him of confessions (tomorrow being the first Friday) and begged to postpone the invitation—still not to forget it, for his wife is the culinary artist of Shingishu, and her vitamin exhibits are always blue ribbon affairs.

At the morning language lesson, we translated a recent article from our only English sheet in Korea, *The Seoul Press*: "On Tuesday night six malcontents broke into the house of Mr. Pak Chan Yul, in Shingishu, and demanded money. Failing to get any, they carried away a cow."

Just as we reached this startling dénouement, the door burst open, the snow swirled in, and, in the midst of the snow, a professional swirler—none other than my lady "Mudang," seer, sorceress, and general representative of the old boy. We had seen her not long back, out-witching the dames of Ender, whirling around in the street at the door of a sick pagan, with flying gray hairs and eyes aflash, charming or scaring the devils away with chanteys apropos, the while brandishing a huge butcher knife plunged to the haft in a bloody shoulder of beef.

Sure an' it was a grand sight, at all at all. It would be even grander on a day like this, we thought, as we drew nearer the stove, begging our grim visitor to make herself right at home and not mind us in the least, not at all. Close up, grandma didn't look so bad, without her butcher knife; yet, with the vision in our mind's eye of that

cavorting hunk of beef, it seemed difficult to picture her in a dainty lace cap and a rocker, knitting tiny bibs for Harold's youngest. She was made of sterner stuff.

Squatted by the fire, she began to thaw out and did a tale unfold that thrilled us to the holes in our pocket-books; and the tale runneth thusly: As a sorceress she is in a class by herself. With divinations, incantations, with dances and fortune telling, she has made a very comfortable living. She is well housed and well fed, and dresses well; as a matter of fact, she has in general been extremely well until of late when she hasn't been sleeping so extra well. It seems her conscience is a little sick; she feels she is doing wrong; she wants to become a Catholic. But, as a Catholic, how in thunderation is she ever going to make a decent living? And here she fixes us with a terrible eye. Nary kith nor kin has she the whole wide world over, while the only arts she knows are black. Can one start life over again at sixty?

We could have finished the tale for her, but we let her proceed to the inevitable: If the good father would support her for the rest of her sojourn in this vale of tears and devils, then she would join our little band of faithful. Otherwise—well, one must eat!

This may not be blackmail, but at least it seems a sort of whitemail. On the whole, 'tis a puzzling poser. Page Solomon! If we say yea to milady today, tomorrow will bring us enough applicants to start a thriving old folks' home. One may not play favorites. It isn't fair; it causes jealousies; it inevitably leads to subsidizing all of those left out at the first deal. Yet this sorceress may be sincere. We should not expect powerful supernatural motives from those so steeped in paganism. Is not the faintest stirring

The life of the average Korean woman is a drab, unending round of toil. The Maryknoll Sisters in Gishu are trying to better her lot by teaching industrial arts and crafts. The Sisters are able teachers; the Korean women apt pupils. When their products can be marketed, some substantial returns will come. But all this requires "teem and mowney," as one of our foreign friends expresses it.

of Catholic desires a sovereign grace from God to them? Forsooth an' 'tis a knotty problem.

We encouraged the remorseful one, regretted that we could not underwrite her conversion, but assured her we would make her problem our own and try to reach some solution. As we go to press, the simplest remedy seems to be an appeal through *THE FIELD AFAR* for a "Reformed Witches' Burse," whose sustaining interest would turn their wicked caldrons into honest kettles and their magic potents into prayers more potent still. Subscriptions to this burse may be sent in now. (Home papers please copy.)

Along towards noon, the snowfall ceased, and Sol came out to cheer us up, but he is under a handicap. We are anxious for mail from the boat that docked in Kobe three days ago—mail that will shape our local destiny. Of late, our fears have centered on the probability of losing a splendid opportunity for a land purchase. The tract in question is offered by the city government at a tempting figure, until December 31. If unsold then, it reverts to some department or other for a public building. We have been praying for a financial angel's message from America, but it seems in vain.

'Tis said hope springs eternal in the human breast, but our hope springs are getting flabby and listless. They don't spring half so high as they did a month ago. We got out the life of the holy Vianney of Ars, and read over again about those mysterious horsemen that used to ride up to the saintly curé when he stepped out of the confessional for a breath of air, and empty a peck or two of gold into his hope chest; and we prayed his favorite Saint Philomena to help us likewise.

Alas, our prayers have been unworthily said. The mailman's hour has come and gone; still there's nought in view but snow. Yet stay! What is yon strange being that now hovers in the offing, so dimly through the fleecy screen? 'Tis an angel, perhaps. But no; it is smoking. It must be a little less than an angel. Yet but a very little—just enough to allow for the smoke—for there is an anchor of hope slung

AVOID THE CHRISTMAS RUSH

Are you one of the last minute Christmas shoppers? Send now for Maryknoll books. They are gifts which endure and which will not be thrown out the day after Christmas as useless.

Then there is that mission magazine, *The Field Afar*. A year's subscription to *The Field Afar* will prove acceptable to the most fastidious.

over his shoulder; it is a special mail bag, American papers and letters, all for us. Our fate was sealed, but we took a deep breath, broke the seals, and plunged—to fall fainting into the arms of a thousand-dollar check! The prop-



Photograph from Fr. Chisholm

FATHER HUGH CRAIG,
OF EUNSAN, KOREA

*Trying to feel at home with
Korean characters*

erty is ours! Te deum laudamus!
Tempore paschali—Allelulia!

When the smoke cleared away, we found the accompanying letter to be fully as astonishing as the check. "Dear Father"—it ran—"I have finally sold the old homestead, and now I am living in a working girls' home and have a good job in an office at sixteen dollars a week. One nice thing about breaking up my home—I didn't sell a stick. My younger brother got married and was glad to take everything I had to give. I decided I couldn't make a better investment than to help you in memory of my departed ones. God has been very generous during the past

year; I hope He doesn't think I am too selfish. May He shower your mission with many blessings!"

A thought for today: I hope God doesn't think I am too selfish.

Grey's masterpiece is incomplete. When the village Hampdens and the mute, inglorious Miltons gain their proper meed, how many untraveled Xaviers and Teresas, strange to fame, will arise from graves unknown to take eternal shrines with the heralded heroes of God!

In the afternoon, there was a sick call to an old woman in Antung, across the river. The catechist went along too. It was hard going because of drifts and the teeth of a gale still vicious along the river's course. On finally reaching the house, we found the corpse in a little room, nine by nine as usual, while squatted next to it, with a well-laden table between them, her son and a neighbor were just beginning dinner. The son credited the delay in notifying us to courteous consideration of our feelings; he hadn't wanted to disturb the Father needlessly; he had not realized his mother's illness was so grave. After arranging for the funeral, we departed, leaving the catechist to see some local Christian women about preparing the body for burial.

In the evening, there were more at night prayers than had showed up in the morning. Afterwards, there were confessions, tomorrow being the first Friday. The Curé of Ars would have been too intent on souls to notice it, but, for us, the bouquet was too rich to be denied distraction; we are convinced that some bankrupt grocer has been having a bargain sale in garlic. But, as we ploughed home, forever aromatic, we came to see the sublime fitness of it all, for how could a day that began with spaghetti end with anything else but garlic?

TODAY NOT TOMORROW

Here and There

THE Catholic Church may and does appeal to the poorest of the poor, but, to reach all classes, the Church must have what the Oriental calls "face." A letter from Europe touching on this point tells us of a proposed monastery for China which will prepare an élite of monks equally well trained in Chinese culture and theological studies. This monastery will offer hospitality to Chinese pagans as well as to Christians.

Send your Irish Bonds to Maryknoll

Happy is Maryknoll in her association with priests and with religious communities of Sisters.

The report of the first half-year of 1927 showed that through the activity of Sisters and of some Student Units, nearly eight thousand dollars was received, variously designed for burses, Masses, stringless gifts to missions, babies, and so forth.

This was somewhat less than came in the preceding year, but it was gratifying and welcome.

Send your Irish Bonds to Maryknoll

There is in New York, as in several other cities of the United States, a *Leo House* conducted by the St. Raphael Society. It is an eighty-story, fireproof, modern building arranged especially to accommodate travelers to and from Europe who seek safety, good advice, and a Catholic atmosphere.

The Leo House idea is well known to travelers in Germany, and we wish our readers to know of the opportunity which it presents. The house is located at 330 West 23d Street.

Send your Irish Bonds to Maryknoll

Those of our readers who, in following the development of Maryknoll, became acquainted with the life of our beloved co-founder, the late Father Price, will recall that, at his request, his heart was transferred from Hong Kong to Nevers, France, where

Bernadette Soubirous lived as a nun.

A recent letter from Nevers tells us that Father Price's heart is "in the same chapel where the little confidant of the Immaculate Conception is exposed for the veneration of devout pilgrims." The letter continues:

The worthy missionary appears to be guarding her. Doubtless, in heaven also, he takes holy joy in offering her unending homage. I am sure also that he does not forget, amidst the celestial splendors, the Sisters of the little Seer.

(The story of Father Price, as yet too briefly told, is recorded in an attractive book, written by Fr. Byrne, now in Korea, and published from THE FIELD AFAR Office.—Editor)

Send your Irish Bonds to Maryknoll

A monument was recently unveiled at Hirado, a small island near Nagasaki, to mark the landing place of Will Adams, the first Englishman to reach Japan, some three hundred years ago.

Will Adams was the chief pilot of the fleet of Dutch ships which sailed from Holland in 1598 on a trading expedition. His ship *Charity* reached Hirado in 1600. He was presented to Iyeyasu, the founder of the great Tokugawa Shogunate. His companions soon left the country, but Adams remained in the service of Iyeyasu and was especially useful to the Japanese Government as a ship builder and an organizer.

He died on May 6, 1620, leaving a Japanese wife and child. The grave of the Englishman is in the village of Hemi and relics of Will Adams are preserved in a Japanese Temple. There is also a street in Tokyo named "Pilot Street" in his honor.

The object of the monument is to perpetuate the memory of the duration of friendly relations between England and Japan.

THE KINDLY TRANSCRIPT

NO Catholic publication has spoken more kindly of Maryknoll since its foundation than the ably edited *Catholic Transcript* in Hartford, Connecticut. In a recent issue, under the title of "The Maryknoll Miracle," the editor commented as follows:

America has at last learned that to preserve we must propagate, to keep our own faith, we must preach the faith to those who are sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. Maryknoll is an ostensible proof that the heart of the American Church is right. As we have received, so shall we render to others.

Elsewhere in the same issue, we find precious tribute to our late revered Father McShane, who died of smallpox in China:

Maryknoll writes on its honor roll a new name under that of the saintly Father Price, and lo! it is the name of the first priest ordained at the Maryknoll Seminary. Father Daniel L. McShane has died at his post among the people he had come to love. He would hear not a word of his leaving while the war raged and while the epidemic made the natives more and more dependent upon him. He will rest now among them, sure guarantee of the fruits of faith which must be multiplied where a priest has loved his flock enough to lay down his life for his friends in Christ Jesus. Happy Maryknoll to have such early and wondrous fruit to show, from the little mustard seed of missionary zeal put into the fertile soil of American Catholic hearts what seems so very few years ago. It has been no power on earth that was able to take the boy of tender years when Maryknoll was opened (probably Dan McShane then), mold him into the will to serve and love, of which martyrs are made, send him to a few crowded years in the land of the stranger and to his death in the faithful service of a people whose language he had never even heard until he became their evangelist. This is the Hand of God, and its blessing on Maryknoll is heartening for every Catholic, but most of all for us Catholics of America which produced such glad fruits as Fathers Price and McShane.

EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS 1928

The Eucharistic Congress will be held in Australia September 6-9, 1928. Arrangements are being made for a Pilgrimage to Australia and a return trip by way of the coast of Eastern Asia. If you are interested, write without delay to The Field Afar Travel Bureau.

MAKE CHRIST LOVED

THE LATE BISHOP GAUTHIER

OF the late Bishop Gauthier, Bishop Walsh writes from China:

What Maryknoll owes to him cannot be overestimated. It was he (then Father Gauthier) who was detailed by Archbishop De Guébriant to welcome the first Maryknoll missionaries to Canton in 1918.

An extremely able and successful missionary himself, he gave up his own pastorate to spend two entire years in the work of initiating and training the young Americans. In doing so, he rendered the most invaluable assistance to the first Maryknoll mission, and, at the same time, endeared himself to its entire personnel.

When later Father Gauthier was elevated to the episcopacy, it was a joy to every Maryknoller equally with his own confreres of the Paris Foreign Missions. A magnificent speaker of Chinese—reputed one of the best in Kwangtung Province—and a missionary of great activity, as his armorial device, *In journeyings often*, would indicate, his episcopacy opened with the brightest promise. But his previous thirty years of searching for the lost sheep evidently had made his holocaust complete in the eyes of God. A cancer suddenly developed, and he was taken to receive the reward of an apostle.

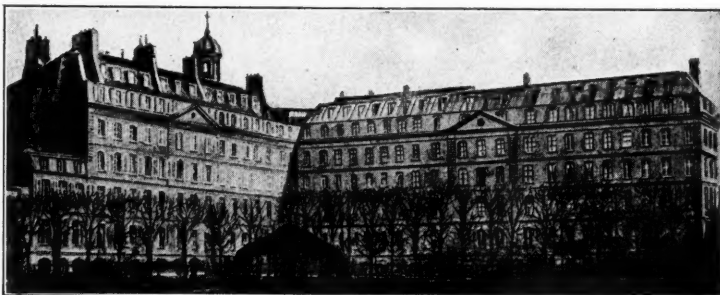
Friends of Maryknoll are asked to breathe a prayer for his valiant soul. Maryknoll itself will always treasure his apostolic aid as one of its traditions.

FROM THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO CHINA

A LETTER sent some weeks ago by the Apostolic Delegate to China, Archbishop Celsus Costantini, to all the mission superiors of China defines very clearly what should be the conduct of Catholic missionaries in the present crisis.

While they should never expose their lives needlessly, they should be ready to risk all for the salvation of souls. They are subject to the instructions of the representatives of their respective countries only in so far as these instructions do not *infringe upon the inviolable liberty of the Christian Apostolate*. Hence, it is clear that Catholic missionaries are not morally obliged to leave their missions whenever requested to do so by the Consuls of their various countries.

"I pray you to thank the Consul," wrote one missionary to his own bishop,



GARDEN OF THE PARIS FOREIGN MISSION SEMINARY, RUE DU BAC

"but I hope that the help of God will be sufficient for me. We do not become alarmed and we work as though we were in great peace."

"Yes, Bishop," wrote another, "I will remain at my place and only an order from you will make me leave. I place my district and my own person under the special protection of St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus, and, confident in Providence I will wait for the tempest to pass."

We quote some of the more significant passages of the Apostolic Delegate's letter:

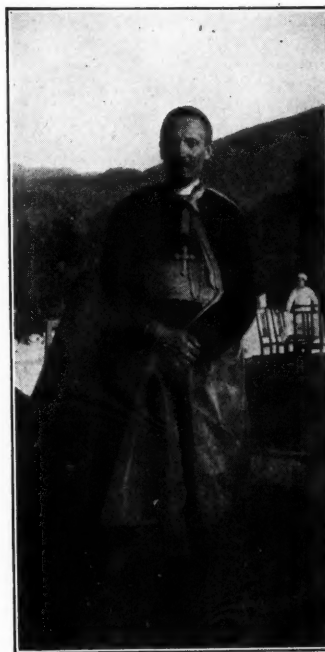
"Greater love than this hath no man, than that he should lay down his life for his friends." (John XV, 13). When danger to themselves would counsel flight, our priests, after the example of the Good Shepherd, are ready to suffer even the loss of life itself rather than abandon the flock entrusted to their care. We lament the deaths of the Reverend Fathers Dugout and Vanara,* who paid in their own blood the supreme price, and we esteem the example they have given as a new and hallowed glory of our missions.

We are very grateful for such aid as has been offered us, whether motivated by a sense of duty or proffered in the name of humanity, to the extent, namely, that it does not infringe upon the inviolable liberty of the Christian Apostolate. "For Christ . . . we are ambassadors"; and, therefore, "we mind not the things that are according to the flesh . . . but we mind the things that are of the spirit." (Rom. VIII, 5).

I would, however, be remiss in my duty, did I not also counsel prudence, lest lives be rashly or senselessly thrown away. For charity is patient, but deals not perversely. Indeed, the Lord Jesus Himself saith: "And when they shall persecute you in this city,

flee into another." (Matt. X, 23). But it is one thing to seek temporary safety and quite another to desert one's mission and to leave China altogether.

So soon as these turbulent waves subside, Christians and non-Christians alike will realize that in all things we exhibit ourselves as ministers of God, in much patience; faithful friends who do nothing injurious to the legitimate rights of the Chinese people, but who, on the contrary, keeping absolutely aloof from everything that savors of politics, labor and shall continue to labor whole-heartedly for the true progress, peace, and prosperity of the Chinese nation.



Photograph from Fr. Ford
MOST REV. CELSUS COSTANTINI
Apostolic Delegate to China

*To the two innocent victims of Nanking mentioned by the Apostolic Delegate, we must unfortunately add the death of the Chinese priest, Father Hou, and his catechist, Father Hou belonged to the vicariate of Bishop Ciceri (Kianfu).

ADOPT A MARYKNOLLER

AS OBSERVED BY KOREANS



JOSEPH PARK

A Korean student born in Honolulu dons the clothes of his fatherland

[A young Korean who has been studying in the University of Dayton has forwarded to THE FIELD AFAR the following interesting notes.—Editor.]

IN the summer of 1923, I visited the land of my forefathers, Korea, that ancient peninsula in Asia proper.

In this land of hermits and ancestor-worship, or to be precise, in the city of Taiku, I first became acquainted with the Catholic spirit in Korea. I think everyone is aware of the fact that Korea is a foreign mission field and that it has been the scene of many religious persecutions.

But persecutions are no more, and the scene I am going to describe took place in Taiku.

In this vicariate, there is a large, brick church, towering above the poor, thatched mud-houses of the surrounding peasantry. Near by is an old creek running past a field of sprouting rice plants. From the distance comes the drolling hum of children at their study of Confucius and other philosophers of old. Nearer at hand, the fuel-peddler, with his dried fir twigs loaded on an ox, cries out his ware in staccato tones.

Suddenly, the metallic chimes of church bells peal out. The rice-planter in the field stands erect; the children stop in their play; and schoolgirls, clothed in brilliant-colored native garb with hoods thrown over their heads, are standing, bowed, in reverential attention. The air is filled with low murmurings. *Song boo wa; song ja wa.*

Others may forget. But you will be long remembered if, at your death, you are perpetually associated as a Maryknoller.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Who would refuse a gift to any child on Christmas Day? Be sure that you have not forgotten the Child Who gave Christmas to the world. The Maryknoll Mite Box is your opportunity to remember the Divine Infant. Maryknoll will use the money you place there for the salvation of souls. For this same end, the Son of God became Man and was born on a midnight in Bethlehem of Judea, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven years ago. Co-operate with the Infant Redeemer and the spirit of Christmas will enter your heart.

They are all making the sign of the cross.

I, too, stand, and follow their example. The bells continue to ring. I look at my watch; it is the hour of the Angelus.

Looking on this scene I felt a sense of shame come over me. I had spent all my life in a Christian environment, yet I had never seen such piety nor thought it possible, especially of the Koreans, who have centuries and centuries of pagan idolatry back of them.

In order to really appreciate the faith of these Korean converts, it must be remembered that it is not always easy for them to remain steadfast. A spirit of materialism has invaded modern Korea. Pagan and Protestant institutions offer the people material advantages which the poverty of the Catholic missionaries does not permit.

For a while, I had been taken aback by the apparently glorious successes of the Protestants. It seemed, owing to their many material facilities, that they were reaping an abundant harvest of souls. Several talks with different natives dispelled this fear, for while the harvest of the Protestants was large, it was reaped from a field sown through the greed and ignorance of the natives.

On the other hand, the Catholic seed was sown on fertile soil; for only the firm can stand the ridicule of the ignorant non-Catholics. I noticed this attitude of ridicule in many quarters. Catholics are given the most unjust names in Korea. They are even accused of being idolators, on account of their strong veneration for the Blessed Virgin. In the face of it all, I saw the convert-Catholic withstand every insult—a glowing tribute to the efficient work of the missionaries in sowing the seeds of Catholic Faith.

The converts in Korea are justifying the sacrifices of the foreign missionaries. It is true that they are less numerous than the adepts of Protestantism, but their religion is of a sterling variety, admitting no mixed motives.

HERE is a letter from a Korean student who is learning English. We print it as it was written,

but assure our readers that the student referred to has indeed a sense of humor and enjoyed the compliment (?) he received:

Our Superior has come back last September from his native land, having regained his pristine good health.

Maryknoll in Korea—Rev. Fr. J. E. Morris, the Great Pastor of Yeng You built a new Catholic University (!), wherein now the new missionaries are learning Korean. I've been over with them during last vacation, but I could teach them scarcely some words of my native language. All the Fathers hear confessions, and some of them (Frs. Booth and Petipren) speak pretty well. Of late, our Most Rev. Fr. Byrne sent us a kind letter with much blessings and prayers.

I know one philosophy student at Your Seminary wonderfully, to whom I sent a letter last September; and I received his answer. He *seems a player and ridiculous!* I give him too my greetings. Thanks to God, for he is admitted to the members of Maryknoll. I hope he shall come to Korea afterwards! Tell him about me and let him write me. I sent You a photograph taken on my ordination day last year. Put that in THE FIELD AFAR, please. I wish to read them, but I haven't here. I hope I shall soon receive them from You and be satisfied with! Lately we have taken a photograph too thirteen all together; without doubt Fr. Byrne will send that You.

Thank You very much for Your benefits! I humbly beg Your "Memento" of me. Peace on high be with You for ever throughout coming days!

Living costs in Korea and Japan are higher than in China. This makes it especially hard on our missionaries in Korea and Japan who must, for example, pay twenty-five dollars a month for a catechist as against fifteen in South

Life-subscribers to THE FIELD AFAR are getting more numerous. We welcome them and we appreciate their confidence in our work.

FOR ONE YEAR—\$1

China.

To you, then, who are inclined to aid mission work in Korea or Japan, we suggest adding something for good measure.

While on the subject of costs in Korea, Fr. Morris reminds us that he was obliged to build a House of Study and to pay out for it about twenty-two hundred dollars which he needed for something else. He says, too, that he can support a native postulant for about a dollar a week, which strikes us as small for Korea, but rice is rice and Fr. Morris deserves all the backing our friends can give him.

APPRECIATIONS

The pictures are very instructive.—*Pa.*

An interesting, educating, and humorous magazine.—*N. Y.*

THE FIELD AFAR gets better and better each time.—*Mich.*

Please save stencil's life. Your follow-up system is perfect.—*Mass.*

Enclosed check (\$10) is sent in gratitude for a successful operation.—*N. Y.*

I am sending the enclosed to Maryknoll in thanksgiving for a great favor received.—*Ohio.*

Please send us THE FIELD AFAR again. It is most entertaining, nicely printed, and beautifully illustrated.—*R. I.*

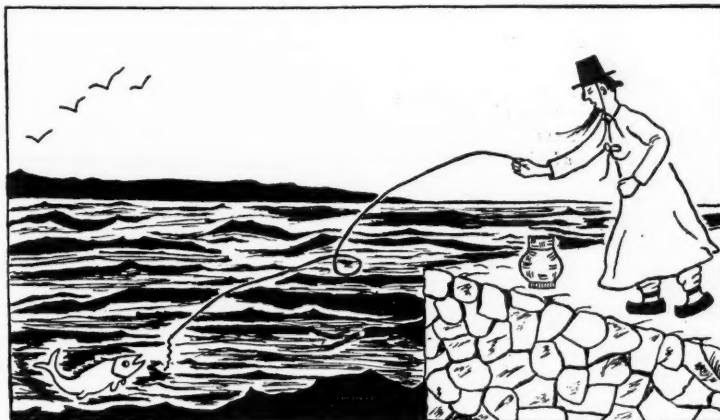
I wish to say that of all the Catholic publications we receive, THE FIELD AFAR particularly appeals to me. It is so "up-to-the-minute"; a regular "getter."—*Ohio.*

The enclosed \$3 is to renew my subscription for two years; \$2 is to aid in your good work—I have received a favor through Our Lady of Victory.—*N. Y.*

I sincerely hope you will continue to tell subscribers that their remittances are overdue as you did in my case. Your tactful messages act as fine reminders.—*R. I.*

Now that my subscription is paid up for that wonderful monthly joy-spreader, THE FIELD AFAR, I am able to send

When you get to the end of your rosary, go back to the Cross and say the Our Father and three Hail Marys for the missions.



A KOREAN FISH STORY

FISHING is a Korean national sport, and a Maryknoll missionary who has observed some of the tall-hatted Isaac Waltons at work along the Yalu River claims that they employ singular methods. In fact, he does not attempt to enumerate them all, for he says that the folks back home would not believe him and would call them "fish stories."

But there are other anglers in the Hermit Kingdom, and the catch they are seeking is none other than the souls of men.

HELP OUR FISHERS OF MEN

The American Maryknoll missionaries in Korea have urgent need of native catechists. At several of the mission stations, there are Japanese Catholics who have shown themselves staunch and generous Christians. But the American missionaries are still struggling with the Korean tongue and have not the time to master Japanese. A few Japanese catechists would win numerous souls for the Master.

Who will secure for our fishermen the services of a Korean or Japanese catechist? The sum required is \$20 a month or \$240 a year.

you something as a stringless offering. The attached money order for \$7 represents Mite Box savings.—*N. Y.*

I should hate to be without THE FIELD AFAR, since I have taken it ever since Father Price came to St. Mary's, Providence, R. I., looking for subscribers. In fact, I was one of the many who went out and obtained subscribers for him.—*Conn.*

Enclosed find check for \$5—renewal of subscription for six years. This will insure us the best of mission news, and we hope that you will have many wonderful tales to tell us of great good done for the Lord in fields afar.—*N. Y.*

As an act of love and thanksgiving for many favors received, I am enclosing a first payment on the yearly \$180 for a catechist at Sancian Island in memory of —. I am a professional woman and will give part of my *Mission Days'* earnings, two every month, for this good work. I ask your prayers for health to continue being one of the lay missionaries.—*Ill.*

I am a Jesuit missionary in charge of that part of the Yukon between Kaltag and Tanana. Just at present, I am going from fish camp to fish camp teaching catechism to the children and rounding up some stray sheep (!).

A chance copy of THE FIELD AFAR for September, 1926, was found among many other magazines that I take along with me for distribution among my people. In between classes, I recreated myself by reading William Franklin Sands's, "In the Household of an Emperor." That article is chock-full of wisdom for potential, aspiring, hope-to-be missionaries.

Mr. Sands has said about all that is to be said in this sentence: "The minute one has learned to endure, there is no sense of endurance, no sacrifice—but I do not believe that there is any less merit in the eyes of the Prize-Giver." I may add that a sense of humor is a great help.—*Rev. Friend.*

You may have a dozen Mite Boxes on your shelf, but that is no reason why you can't make room for the Maryknoll "Mitey."

FOR LIFE — \$50

THE FIELD AFAR

Published by Ecclesiastical Authority
Founded in 1907. Appears monthly
(except August).

Owned by the
Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.
Advertising rates sent on application.

Make all checks and money orders payable to

J. A. WALSH, Tr., Maryknoll, N. Y.

Single subscription.....\$1.00 a year
(ten or more copies to one address,
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with all subscriptions.)

**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**

WE give Thee thanks, Almighty
God, for all Thy benefits,
Who livest and reignest, world
without end. Amen.

NOVEMBER—month of the
Holy Souls. Do I remember
mine? Am I helping my dear de-
parted as some day I shall look
for others to help me?

THERE was a time when Lib-
erty Bonds fell often on our
desk—and we were quite familiar
with them—but, for months, we
had not seen one. And now
comes another—Welcome! And
may some Irish bonds soon keep
it company.

FAITH is a precious gift that
can be most safely assured of
continuance and development
when it is passed on to others.

Fortunate is he who carries the
true faith to the end of the trail.
But thrice blessed is the man who,
as he reaches the threshold of life
eternal, can say, "I have tried to
share my faith with others."

OUT of the recent disturbance
in China, there may come at
least one martyr. Fr. McGilli-
cuddy, writing to the Maryknoll
Superior, refers to a Chinese
priest who was cruelly beaten and
buried alive in odium religionis

(in hatred of his religion).

We learn that a lay teacher met
a similar death and that, had it not
been for the intervention of some
Chinese servants, a Sister of
Charity would have won her
crown.

WHEN China and the Chinese
come noisily to the front of
our Daily Dreadfuls, we do well
to keep in mind that the greater
portion of China is untouched by
war worry and that only one out
of almost ten Chinese knows what
is going on in that vast country.

However, a few can control
many, and, if this be true, as it is
today in some countries that are
ruled by emissaries of Satan,
why cannot the followers of
Christ be heartened in their at-
tempt to leaven China with the
Spirit of Christ?

WITH thirty-five Sisters and
two priests in Manila, covering
in all four separate works, Mary-
knoll is conscious of trying to con-
tribute its quota to the Philippines.

But the spiritual field that lies
fallow in those islands is enor-
mous, and there are thousands of
Catholics who can hardly keep
their faith unless these fields be
cultivated.

If every religious congregation
in the United States could see its
way to send even one group of
willing and devoted priests, this
situation would be that much less
serious.

"STAY at home; let them fight
it out and kill one another
off."

No, this is not ours and you
know it; but it came partly in jest
from someone—a Catholic in
name—and was addressed to a

STUDENTS in or through high
school or college, with more than a
passing interest in the conversion
of pagans, may have a copy of
"AMERICAN YOUTH and
FOREIGN MISSIONS,"

a story of training for the mission-
ary priesthood at Maryknoll. It is
free on request to The Field Afar.

brave little Sister who was about
to labor in the Orient for the love
of Christ.

The sentence is its own con-
demnation, but it recalls the satis-
faction which the little Sister and
all other Maryknollers find in the
growing number of truly Catholic
souls that set a high value on the
service of Christ and the search
for souls beyond the frontiers of
our own home towns.

THE movements for world peace
are deserving of our sympathy
and interest. But we shall serve
our generation best and shall come
nearer to the wish of the Heart of
Christ by doing something to get
men to know and serve God bet-
ter.

That is the reason for the mis-
sioner's vocation. His labors are
intended to make more men know,
love, and serve God. By helping
to sustain his hands, we do more
to improve society than by any
other form of Christian benevo-
lence. For the love of God in a
man's heart will reform and
sweeten and purify faster than
anything else.

IN a Japanese paper, we find re-
produced the photograph of a
signpost in California reading:

PORTERVILLE

Is a White Man's Town

No JAPS WANTED

Porterville Post No. 20

American Legion

The clipping comments as fol-
lows:

Anti-Japanese sentiment in California
is not dead, as this sign in Porterville
indicates. The American Legion is re-
sponsible.

An Easterner stumbling on this
must rub his eyes and ask if such
narrowness can possibly express
itself so publicly in California.
Narrow people there are and,
doubtless, always will be here in
this country as in all sections of
the world, but we hail the day
when a truly Catholic viewpoint
will make impossible such mean
rudeness as the sign above con-
veys.

PUT MARYKNOLL IN YOUR WILL

EARNEST congratulations to the first Catholic Bishop of Japanese blood, Msgr. Januarius Hayasaka, who, perhaps, before this issue reaches our readers, will have been consecrated at Rome, and by the Sovereign Pontiff himself.

Maryknoll is pleased and privileged to greet Bishop Hayasaka as a friend of old. As the founders of Maryknoll were leaving Rome to begin their work in the United States, a young Japanese priest, Fr. Hayasaka, who had just finished his theological studies and been ordained priest, was leaving for Japan. East and West met. Later, on his first visit to the Orient, the Maryknoll Superior visited Fr. Hayasaka's family at Sendai.

In the sixteen years that have passed since the young Japanese priest returned to Japan, his has been a fine priestly life with unusual responsibilities. He has ably represented the Catholic Church among his own and given an example of zeal that cannot but produce fruitful results in a soil that has so often been characterized as difficult.

☪

Men, strong in their faith and confidence in God, are the most likely instruments for the salvation of souls. But the foolish things of the world hath God chosen, that He may confound the wise.

☪

ABOUT conditions in China, it is quite impossible to write a week in advance, not to mention a month or more.

It looks, however, as if the red color has been pretty well washed out, and, if this be so, it is a great blessing. At this writing, there is the big split between the North and South with occasional reports of advances in Peking, retreats, and so forth, but the two groups seem to fear to engage in real combat lest they lose morale. Chinese are credited with being able to win victories best without bloodshed, and we hope that this reputation will prove true.

In the meantime, peaceful con-



My soul doth magnify the Lord

ditions are reported along the line of missions.

☪

THERE are in China today Catholic missions of almost every nationality under the sun.

It is entirely safe to say that of all these missions those staffed by American priests are the poorest. The reason is very simple—the American missions are new.

Old missions do not always have large bank accounts. They do have equipment, personnel, organization. Without these they would never have grown old; they would have failed.

Old missions have buildings, for without their seminary, novitiate, colleges, orphanages, dispensaries, and parishes, they could not have functioned any great length of time as a mission at all.

Old missions have personnel, for without native clergy and Sisters, catechists and school teach-

Brothers as well as priests are necessary for foreign mission work. Catholic laymen not called to the priesthood may labor for Christ as Brothers. Send for booklet: "American Brothers and the Foreign Missions."

ers, they would have soon found their labors fruitless and futile.

Old missions have organization, for without their centers, procures, hospitals, and sanatoriums, they would have been so hampered as to make it impractical to go on.

☪

TANG LIANG LI, Chancellor of the National University of Peking, has written, in German, a book entitled, *China in Revolt*. The National Catholic Welfare News Service has already presented to its readers an interesting abstract of this work in the course of which it quotes as follows:

Moreover, it is the rule that the Catholic missionary and the Catholic nun with a salary of from twenty to fifty pounds a year live very modest lives, full of self-denial, although the Catholic Church may have a great income from estates and mission properties.

It is quite true that the average income of the Catholic missionary is very small, and, as a consequence, in many parts of China it is difficult for missionaries to obtain proper sustenance, not to speak of extending their work. There is, however, a reference by Mr. Li to the "great income from her (the Church's) estates and mission properties."

The older Orders of the Church which have been in China for some years have, through indemnities and the turnover of lands, secured from time to time certain sums of money, which, placed at a very advantageous interest, have netted a substantial yearly income. These investments, as a rule, have been in the concessions of various Chinese cities, so that they have become fairly well known. As they have been centered in a few places, they appear to be large, especially to strangers who do not realize the number of missionaries representing the various societies in the mission fields.

It is quite safe to say, however, that the success which has attended the efforts of older missionary societies has been largely due, under God, to the material help derived from these moneys received on the mission field itself.

STRINGLESS GIFTS BEST

From Maryknollers in the Orient

FROM SOUTH CHINA

Kaying
(Fr. Eckstein)

I AM very grateful that you have written to my folks in regard to our safety. I have told them repeatedly that there was no cause to worry, but I am certain your letter will have more effect.

Personally, I have not been insulted in any way. There are sure to be a few casualties in every first-class revolution, and I presume we can all take one chance out of four hundred million. The sooner China frees herself from foreign domination, the better it will be for all of us.

Yeungkong
(Fr. Dietz)

NEWS of the Korean Prefecture arrived some time ago. We are happy at the progress Maryknoll is making, and feel that it must bring joy to the heart of the Father of the Flock. You may be interested to know that, as I read the post card, I could not help making the reflection that the Society has grown so that now even great events cause but a ripple, and news which formerly traveled by cable at a dollar a word is in these days consigned to a prosaic post card.

In a recent Sunday sermon, I dwelt on some of the advantages of the per-

Chikkai
(Fr. McGinn)

THE missionary in this hidden corner of the globe needs grace and material aid. The first may be obtained through your prayers, in which he begs a remembrance for himself and his flock, your fellow citizens in the Kingdom; the second may be readily afforded him by the crumbs from your financial table. If every reader of these lines should send us but the cost of one carfare, a shave, or a movie, or even a U. S. copper penny, our problems would be well nigh solved.

Problems? Of course! They make the missionary's life interesting, and, let



Photograph from Fr. Cairns

AT THE MISSION OF FATHER CAIRNS

At Fr. Cairns' right is Fr. Joseph Schmidt; at his left is a Chinese priest from Macao.
In the group are two native Sisters who teach catechism in the villages

Siou Loc, Chung Kau
(Fr. Malone)

ALL our men in Hakka are very well. The Seminary is flourishing. We have here in our station some ten boys whom we are preparing to send there in the fall. There is no sign of any disturbance of any kind in our mission field. Occasionally we hear of near-by robbers—I haven't seen any yet.

I expect to take over a new station.

secution, and prophesied that the worst was over and brighter days imminent. On Monday, the government began rounding up the radicals, and, a few days later, wide prominence was given a proclamation to furnish adequate protection to foreigners.

Fr. Fletcher is well, as I also am. Our work, for the present, is rather at a standstill, but I trust I am not oversanguine in hoping that conditions *after* will be better than conditions *before*.

us confess it, at times disheartening. After settling in his adopted land, the missionary finds a thousand needs crying for attention, needs which he is powerless to satisfy simply because he lacks a few paltry dollars. It is a scene to make the angels weep.

At Chikkai, for instance, we should have a school. Not the roomy, fire-proof structure such as we attended in earlier years. No, one or two rooms with almost any sort of accommodation

PRAY FOR MISSIONERS

or lack of it. Here are Catholic children who are not receiving the chance they deserve for instruction in religious and secular subjects. No place for them.

And adjacent to the mission property stands a well-built Chinese dwelling, for sale, and at a far cheaper price than we could build. It would "fill the bill" nicely, give us a Catholic school, and, at the same time, make a

suitable home for two native nuns whose presence here would be of inestimable benefit for strengthening the faithful as well as bringing well-disposed pagans into the fold. Nine hundred dollars buys the house. Who bids?

Sunchong
(Fr. Cairns)

FR. CAIRNS, who has migrated north of his old bailiwick at Fachow and is now in Sunchong,



Photograph from Fr. Malone
AFTER MASS
A sterling old Catholic



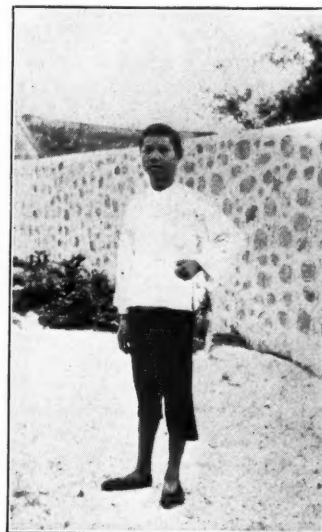
Photograph from Fr. McGinn
NIP, FATHER MCGINN'S HOUSEBOY
Headed for the Seminary



FATHER ECKSTEIN IN TRANSIT

an appropriate residence for a smiling Maryknoller, writes:

Recently some Catholics were here to stay overnight. We had the boards for beds all arranged and new mats spread out, when I noticed that there were only a few pillows. I told the boy that we had to have pillows. He came round later and said, "Father, we



Photograph from Fr. McGinn
TUCK, FATHER MCGINN'S
NUMBER TWO
Also headed for the Seminary



FATHER TIBESAR
Recently assigned as pastor at Dairen

don't need to buy pillows."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because the firewood just arrived," he said. "I will give each Christian a log of wood—it makes a fine pillow." So we did that little thing. That's the way to save expense.

Shortly after the festival, a typhoon threatened, and the strong wind and

BE A PROPAGANDIST

blowing rain made us move Annie bird, our sing-song canary, out of the impending storm. But it was "out of the frying pan into the fire," for the rats found her during the night, broke her cage, and left of Annie only the feathers.

Then the typhoon came with a vengeance. Sunchong's main street is in the process of being widened; old buildings are being razed and replaced by three-story business blocks which will be a credit to the city. Above each building were bamboo frames covered with thatch to protect the laborers from the sun and rain. But Mr. Typhoon made short work of them, for he kept showing his strength until nearly all of these mat-sheds were blown down. Electric light wires were broken; so we had to get the kerosene lamps out of the closet. The roof was blown off the neighboring watchtower, but no one was hurt.

The Sunchong mission did not suffer much—a few blinds and windows landed on the ground, and panes of glass were broken here and there. So we have much for which to be thankful.

FROM NORTH CHINA

Fushun

(Fr. Lane)

PAGANISM as a religion cannot be forgotten or overlooked. The huge gong of a pagoda, sounding every five minutes, the weird music of a passing funeral or a near by wedding, the grimace of a wayside image, the bonze with shaved head and garment of voluminous sleeves—all these and numerous other signs evidence the strong hold that religion has on the habits of the people, even though its practices be more concerned with the body than with the spirit.

THE MARYKNOLL RING



Everything that comes from Maryknoll ought to be good. This ring will stand under criticism.

10-karat gold..... 7.00

(Prices subject to change)

When ordering state size



Photograph from Fr. Swift

TRAPPIST MONKS IN NORTHERN JAPAN CARRYING FUEL FOR THE MONASTERY
Among these is a large proportion of natives

FROM JAPAN

Hakodate

Fr. Swift

TO BISHOP BERLIOZ belongs the credit for bringing the Trappist Monks from the monastery near Peking to Tobetsu, sixteen miles west of the city of Hakodate. He knew the value of their contemplative work in France, where of all the religious communities of men theirs alone has been allowed to remain.

The material work of the Trappists is largely with farm and dairy, and their efforts here in Japan have received formal recognition from His Majesty's Government.

But the material benefits conferred on Japan, however, is not the principle reason why the Trappists are here; rather it is their life of prayer togeth-



Photograph from Fr. Swift

SCHOLASTICS WITH THEIR SUPERIORS AT THE TRAPPIST MONASTERY AT TOBETSU

"CARRY ON" UNTIL THERE SHALL BE

er with study and consecrated labor that will bring blessings in the way of conversions—Japan's greater need.

Up before two every morning, they start a long and busy day with the recitation of the Divine Office, prefacing each canonical hour with the Office of the Blessed Virgin. As one watches the monks file quietly into chapel, and listens to the rhythmic intonations of the prayers, one realizes how acceptable such prayers must be to God, for they have helped not a little to awaken a religious sense in the Japanese.

It is of interest to note here that from May until late in the fall, among the many visitors to the monastery are earnest inquirers on the subject of religion. These may not all yield to their convictions, but their inquiries will lead to further study, impartial criticism, and fall like good seed on fertile soil in home, office, and classroom.

Tokyo

(Fr. Tibesar)

NEARLY three years ago, Sueko Kawada, daughter of one of the richest nobles in Tokyo, became a Catholic, choosing the name of Marie Thérèse. Although it is not the usual thing for Catholics to be called by their baptismal names, this girl wanted hers. She made no secret, either, of her desire to become a saint, just like the "Little Flower."

I knew her, before I knew she was a baroness, as the girl who came twice a week to do the sacred wash. She was poorly dressed, although sometimes she came to church accompanied by a very richly dressed young woman, who, I am told, was her maid. Certainly you would never mistake her for that in the company of her mistress.

The story of her vocation is unique. Her father owns a summer estate in Hokkaido, adjoining that of the Trappistines. Marie Thérèse used to spend her vacations there along with the other members of her family. She made inquiries about the strange beings in the convent, and that was the beginning of her determination to become a Catholic—and a nun.

At any rate, the plot was all laid

when she returned to Tokyo and entered the school of the Sisters of St. Maur and later that of the Sacred Heart Sisters. She was already a graduate of the Peeresses School. In due time, she asked for baptism and was refused both by her father and by the chaplain. She took care of her



Photograph from Fr. Lane

A PAGAN SHRINE IN MANCHURIA



Photograph from Fr. Tibesar

A JAPANESE DELIGHT

Where a flapper is not a flapper

father quickly enough and won him over—but she hadn't convinced the chaplain, a man of too much experience in such work. He pointed out to her that she would soon have to marry, and then—"But," she came back quickly, "I don't intend to get married." Well, she was baptized.

I used to see her at Mass every morning, and when she came to do the sacred wash. Sometimes I tried out a clumsy sentence or two in Japanese. They must have been clumsy, for, one day, I know I used an expression, very polite in good Japanese, but according to my version, meaning, "You're not a chatterbox any more, are you?"

Well, she told me about her plans to enter the convent in Hokkaido—where silence is perpetual; told me of the difficulties she was encountering at home, where all her folks were pagans; and asked me to pray for her. I wrote to Maryknoll asking for prayers. Incidentally, whoever gets the credit, they were answered; for, before the girl left for the convent, her mother was resigned and her father was telling his friends about what a sacrifice his daughter was making.

The reason I'm writing all this is simply to show that Japanese can become converted and that God's grace is as strong in them as in anyone else. But I also want to enlist many prayers for this girl, for much depends on her perseverance.

It is true, the good effect of her sacrifice has been achieved; many more will follow where she has led the way. Incidentally, even her most intimate friends knew nothing of her intentions before she left. When they heard she had gone, I am told many of them said, "She's going to be Japan's 'Little Flower'."

I hope so, but she needs prayers—for I am sure her sacrifices must yet be many. We must pray, too, that the good fruit of her going away may all be garnered. Before she left she asked Fr. Steichen for only one thing—"Pray that I may never come back."

Make checks and money orders payable to J. A. WALSH (Tr.); Maryknoll, N. Y.

BUT ONE FOLD AND ONE SHEPHERD

The Notable Departure Ceremony of 1927

OUR October issue was in press when the sixteen "departants" left the Knoll for their long trip to mission lands. Otherwise, we would have reported then, in fuller detail, the event made especially notable by the presence of His Eminence Cardinal Hayes and His Excellency Archbishop Marchetti-Selvaggiani, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda.

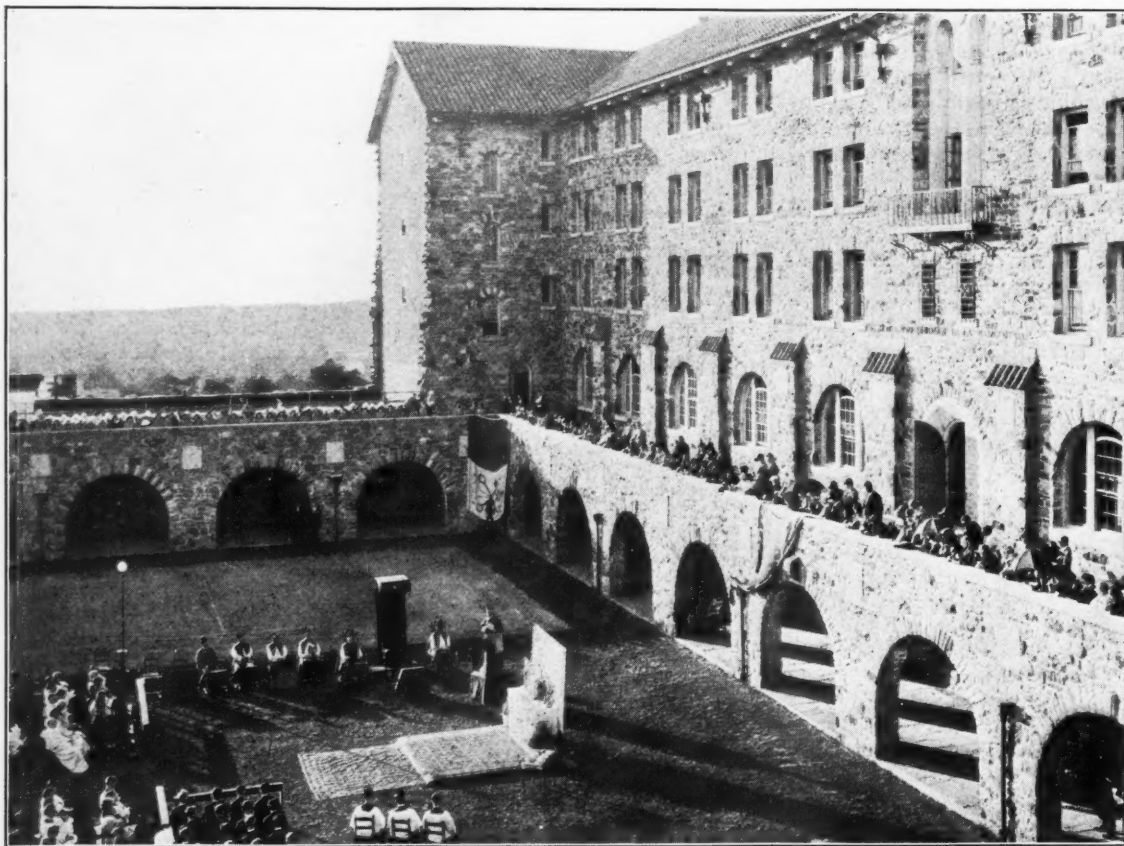
day.

It was Sunday and the traffic was heavy, but motorcycle escorts shortened the route, and, long before the ceremony began, all threatening clouds had disappeared and the lawns had dried.

Well for all concerned! At least a thousand persons lined the quadrangle—although even yet we do not know where many came from, as neither formal invitations

foreign mission field is one of the most sublime in the whole realm of Christianity. St. Gregory, in one of his homilies, tells us that it is a vocation like to the mission of Christ Himself: as the Father sent His Son and sent Him to bring light into a vale of darkness, so you are sent to carry the Gospel to a land far away from your home country. You are singularly blessed and strangely privileged—a mission so like unto that of Christ Himself.

A call to the foreign mission field is also apostolic, because Christ sent His Apostles all over the known world, far



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL HAYES ADDRESSING THE DEPARTANTS

It was a happy combination of circumstances that brought to Maryknoll these two distinguished prelates. The beloved Cardinal of New York had shortly returned from a well-deserved rest and Archbishop Marchetti had arrived from Europe only on the previous

nor publicity warranted that number. However, the ceremony was in the open and not too long for standing crowds.

His Eminence, following the address of the Maryknoll Superior to his missionaries, said in part:

My dear sons: Your vocation to the

from kindred and friends. And, today, I can see Christ Himself lifting His Hands over you, my dear sons in Christ, and choosing you to go forth and be apostles in far-away China. It is, therefore, an apostolic vocation.

Remember, too, that it is the glory of the Church today to have our missionaries go forth; and especially is it the

READ MARYKNOLL BOOKS

glory of the Church in America. She is only of yesterday, and today one of the brightest jewels in the crown of the Church universal. Yours is a glorious vocation, and I am sure there are thousands of priests, and hundreds of bishops, and, in the Sacred College at Rome, there are those who would have been honored to have had such a call as yours for the field afar.

My dear sons, I envy you your great vocation to the foreign mission field. And I know how well prepared you are for it. I need not speak of your remote preparation in your own home, but I speak of that preparation here at Maryknoll where you have been so well trained.

I have had many honors in the Church, and, because of my position, many works to direct, but I wish to say that I realize it is a special privilege to be here today. I have sat down year after year at the Directors' Board of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America and marveled at the story of Maryknoll; at the evidence of God's very presence. I always came away from the Maryknoll meeting feeling as if I had been in the presence of the Great Missioner Himself.

I marveled before I came here today, and, after today, I shall marvel still more. But why should we marvel, since this is the work of Christ?

My dear sons, it is Christ's voice rather than any other that is speaking to you, and, as He sent out others from their own land to lay the foundations of faith, He will be with you. Therefore, go forth in His Name, with His blessing, with His charity, with His grace. You may have to be content to labor without seeking results. You may have to water what apparently is an arid field; you may toil and labor in a desert, upon a soil that looks bare; yes, you may saturate that land with your blood and apparently nothing come from it.

You are called to be sowers; to labor and toil. You are called to offer on the altar, morning after morning, your disappointments, your sacrifices, and, in the Chalice, to lift them up to the Lord; and it is in that great Sacrifice, morning after morning, that you will realize what it is to be a missionary. And, if you say only one Mass in some place where Mass was never before offered, your mission to China will be fulfilled.

Go forth, then, in Christ, and He will bless you and send you all the grace and all the strength and all the courage that Maryknoll has the right to expect of you.

Your Excellency, may I be permitted to say that your presence here today is a remarkable honor, not only to Maryknoll, and not only to the Archdiocese of New York, where you know you

are always welcome, but it is an honor to the Church in America, and, above all things, it is an honor to the efforts being made for the propagation of the faith in foreign lands.

We recognize that we are only at the beginning of a mighty missionary effort in this country, a missionary effort

and souls must become still more filled with ardor and zeal for missionary effort. We are going to organize in such a way that we shall make an even more notable contribution each year to the great missionary field at home and abroad. We are still at a period requiring some adjustment. We are still



HIS EXCELLENCY ARCHBISHOP MARCHETTI-SELVAGGIANI
Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda

that is intended not only for foreign missions but for the home field. I feel that, as a member of the hierarchy, I can say that we are going to have no preference for our own home missions above the others. We are rather concerned for the salvation of souls and the spread of Christ's kingdom.

But we feel that our people's hearts

planning so as to have a more practical system. It is bound to come. We pray to God to direct it, and I know that here at Maryknoll every day they must pray that God will direct us as to the best plan, that with His grace and with His benediction we may accomplish the great purpose before us.

GET THE MITE BOX HABIT



"Now we may not be able to preach, or to write books, or to traverse distant lands as missionaries, or to give money to send others there. It may be little, indeed, that of ourselves and by our actions we can do for God's glory or the conversion of souls. But intercession reaches everywhere. Neither time nor place bound it. Ignorance cannot keep it out, nor superstition silence it, nor sin refuse to stay within its influence. Wherever grace can come, prayer can reach—and that is where-soever God's omnipotence extends, save and except that one place whence hope has been commanded to withdraw."

(Father Faber)

Have you a copy of
Daily Prayers for Missions



It is a neat little booklet, with a prayer for some particular mission field for each day of the week.

Enclose a stamp and address:

Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.
(Fifty copies for seventy-five cents)

A FITTING MEMORIAL

A Memorial Room in the Maryknoll Seminary. Do you know what this means? It means that after you have left this world your soul will be remembered in prayer by a long succession of apostles to the heathen, perhaps even by martyrs of Christ.

Ninety rooms have already been taken in the Maryknoll Seminary at five hundred dollars each. Thirty are still open to benefactors. Will one of them be yours?

WHAT an appropriate season for saying "thanks"—with fields harvested, barns filled, and cellars odorous with unfermented fruit. Yes, we have a cider press, but, since prohibition, acid fell on it and now we make only vinegar.

Which reminds us that we have occasional inquiries from old friends about our farm. One man, a cropper himself, once remarked an absence of comment on this phase of Maryknoll life.

Well there are reasons, but the big one is that among so many activities, the farm cannot shine today as it did in the days of the

first horse, the valiant George, (incidentally a prize fighter), and the first Ford—now buried in a ditch under masses of smaller tin cans and other rubbish.

However, we have a farm and we know it, because we pay the bills. Since the early days, our herd has grown and we have about a score of white-juice cows, also one John Bull (who has his own room and bath), and countless two-legged hens with some stately roosters guarding them.

Pigs—well, no. They came and went, and at last they went, although it is possible that when the next farm boss comes along they may "return to their mutttons" (this is mixing the breed, but you understand).

They were fine in some respects and saved certain forms of labor and worry, but, in other respects, they were coarse and obtruded themselves rather disagreeably. Besides, just so often, after a litter of the "cutest little things you ever saw" began to attract visitors, the lazy, heartless mother would use them for a mattress, and—there would be no more piglets.

Sometimes we wonder, as we stroll over Maryknoll fields and through the woods, if the day shall ever come when plans made a dozen years ago will be realized. And then comes the satisfying thought that we are not like our rich neighbor, Mr. Man, who must get everything done quickly before his little day is over.

The Church never grows old, and, when we build for her, we should build well, though we must



FUTURE FOREIGN MISSIONERS IN THE HOME FIELD

PUSH OUR CAUSE

be slow. And if we who labor in her field today may not see the fullness of promise, others will; and, if we be what we should be, we shall be looking in on something eternally better.

So there we are.

This past summer, there were days when the Knoll dwellers felt as if their usually quiet compound was a pilgrimage shrine or a picnic ground (it was hard to tell which). All kinds came from many points in Eastern New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Jersey.

Some brought their lunches and hied to the woods for their feast. Occasionally, arrangements were made with the Seminary procurator for groups of youngsters to sit at the deal tables in our refectory.

Rain or shine, the spirits were always high, and a score of blind children from St. Joseph's Institute, Newark, "saw" all sorts of new things and were gleeful.

Two bus loads of hearty lads came up one day with a few of their teachers, the Brothers of Mary. At the end of the meal, Brother said to one diner, "Did you have some ice cream?"

The answer?—"Yes, three plates twice."

Diaries are looked upon as an essential feature of a Maryknoller's life. One is prepared at the Center, mimeographed, and sent regularly to the outposts. As the outposts do likewise, practical results are accomplished; the family bond keeps strong and the story of Maryknoll is being steadily recorded for future reference.

THE safest and most satisfactory method of sending money to Maryknoll missionaries is through Maryknoll. Checks may be made out and addressed to the V. Rev. J. A. Walsh, Maryknoll, New York.

MARYKNOLL-IN-SCRANTON

THE soccer enthusiasts and the followers of the oval pigskin are getting plenty of exercise during their recreation these days. The north wind brings a snow flake now and then, reminding us that skates and snowshoes will soon be in vogue.

Among the newcomers, there is an abundance of academic, musical, and athletic talent. It is good to note, however, that the first interest of the future missionaries is in the development of the spiritual and intellectual faculties.

A keen relish is shown for the bapd. Fr. Tennien is the new director, succeeding Fr. Borer, now working in China. The student choir is progressing well. Fr. Buckley is developing the singing along the lines of the Ward Method.

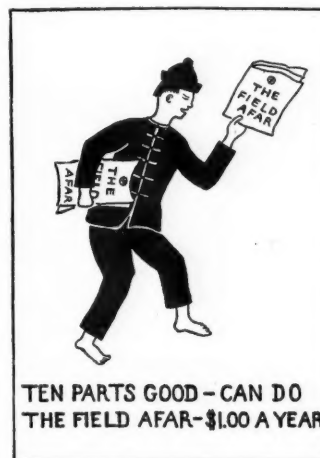
Father McShane, who died last June in China, holds first place this November in our prayers. A former instructor at the Vénard, he was an ardent imitator of Blessed Théophane Vénard, whose birth we celebrate the twenty-first, and he died not far from the land where the young martyr shed his blood. Like Théophane, he gave his life and death generously to the cause of the missions. We ask God to give rest to his soul through the intercession of the holy martyr.

Our hope and prayer is that many more of our boys and girls will be inspired to follow in the footsteps of Father McShane and his great ideal. The generous hearts of American youth will "not break faith with those who die," but will continue to carry the torch of Christianity to those who sit in the darkness of paganism.

MARYKNOLL-IN-SAN FRANCISCO

LAST month was filled with much of the unusual—an ordination and first solemn Mass of the one hundredth Maryknoll priest; the arrival and departure of the first two of Maryknoll's gift of thirty-five to the missions; and then the long-looked for arrival of the Maryknoll Sisters on their way to Los Altos, where the Seminary kitchen has long been awaiting their personal touch.

Now that the Maryknoll Sisters have taken their permanent quarters adjoining the Maryknoll Junior Seminary at Los Altos, we can easily answer the frequent inquiry: "When are the Sisters coming?" The Sisters will not only take care of the domestic work of the Seminary, but will also use the convent as a center from which they will dispose of vestments and articles made at the Maryknoll convents in China and Korea. Moreover, their convent will serve as a headquarters



**TEN PARTS GOOD - CAN DO
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on the Pacific Coast for young ladies who desire to take up as religious the work of foreign missions. They may make their postulancy at Los Altos.

In the convent at Los Altos are a couple of extra guestrooms where lady visitors may spend a day or so of rest or retreat.

Our readers, we are sure, will be glad to hear that our Ford still endures. Many a storm has it weathered thus far. And only within the past few weeks has it conveyed about the lanes of San Francisco several of the notable visitors to the Maryknoll embassy in town—Fr. Ayrinhac, rector of St. Patrick's Seminary, Menlo Park; Fr. McCaffrey, chaplain of Sing Sing; Fr. John Murrett, of Maryknoll in Seattle; and finally two Maryknoll priests on their way to China. No doubt, they will long remember their last ride in America.

But—when again we appear in print, we expect to be jaunting about town in nothing less than a Chevrolet. A good friend has realized that the Ford is long overdue for pasture, and has volunteered to see that we get another variety of conveyance.

An altar was needed for the new chapel at Los Altos, but it would take more than a fortune teller to predict

(Continued on page 284)

IF your remittance is not acknowledged within a week (longer if you are at a great distance), notify us by post card.

It is safest in these days to send money orders or checks.

PROMOTE OUR LORD'S INTERESTS

FATHER CHIN



Dear Juniors:

You know that the first day of this month is a holy day, the beautiful feast of All Saints.

The Little Flower of Jesus used to call the saints her "big brothers and sisters." She would go to them for help when she was in trouble or needed anything and oh, how proud she was of them!

We all hope to be saints in heaven someday—that is what we were made for, and we are on earth now to grow up as saints by doing our daily little tasks well. It does not matter how small our duties are, for it isn't their *size* that makes them important. What counts most is *how* we do them. Can the saints be proud of you as their "little brothers and sisters", Juniors?

As someone said to me not long ago, "the MARYKNOLL JUNIORS of today are going to be the Maryknoll missionaries of the future." But, to be a real missionary, one ought to be a saint too.

And right now, while Juniors, the more you try to be GOOD as GOLD, the more powerful will be your little efforts to help save other souls for Jesus.

As ever, your

Father Chin

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Pennies

By E. H.

*As little Majane with her little corn broom,
One morning was sweeping her little playroom,
In casting her sly little eyes on the ground,
In a sly little corner, some pennies she found.*

*"Dear me," cried the child as she looked in surprise.
"How lucky I am, to have found such a prize.
To the shop I shall go and some candies I'll buy;
Then we'll have a party, my dollies and I!"*

Thus sang this happy little girl after finding some pennies which had rolled away into a corner, and had probably been hiding there many days.

Now, Majane was just such a little girl as you are. She had a playroom, all ready for housekeeping, with doll families, just the way Mother keeps house. There were days when dollies' clothes must be laundered; then, there were days for cleaning and days for sewing. Of course, there were days, too, when little friends came to visit and have tea, exactly as grown-up people do. For such occasions, resting daintily in a little cupboard, were the prettiest dishes, little flowery plates and tiny cups and saucers. Even doll-faces smiled more sweetly when Majane promised to give them tea from those pretty cups.

She must tell Mother right away about the pennies and then go to the shop. Today she would have a party for the dolls!

Mother was pleased with the plans—she was such a kind, understanding mother. She knew that to make it a real party, her little girl must have, beside the dolls, a few playmates; so she suggested that Majane invite some little friends.

Away went Majane, skipping down the street, to Ruth's house. Ruth would surely come and bring her very best doll.

Of course, Mother said Ruth might go, so she and dolly and Majane were soon on their way to Dorothy's.

Up the steps they gaily tripped and into the house. Dorothy must know quickly about the pennies and the party. She was delighted and would come at once. But—just a minute—she had a new story book which they must see.

The postman had brought it only a few days ago. There was a letter, too, telling that auntie had written to the Father with a queer name, Father Chin, asking him to send the book every month to Dorothy.

The little girls had never seen such a book. It was not at all like fairy books, nor Mother Goose; but they

TO MARYKNOLL JUNIORS

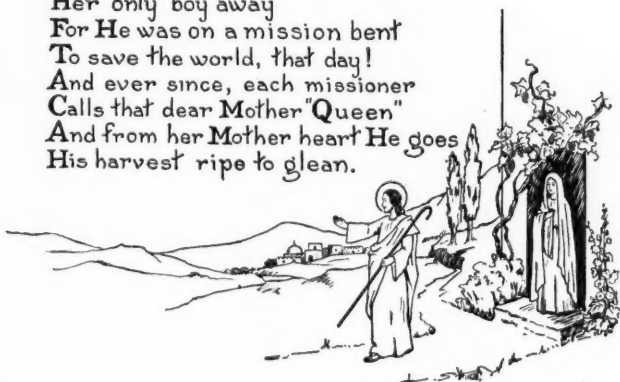


A-B-C's OF THE MISSIONS



Q - Queen

One day a lovely Mother sent
Her only boy away
For He was on a mission bent
To save the world, that day!
And ever since, each missionary
Calls that dear Mother "Queen"
And from her Mother heart He goes
His harvest ripe to glean.



liked it very much, especially the children pictured on its pages—though they did not look exactly like other children. Oh, such queer-looking coats and funny little shoes! There was a part of the book just especially for little folks too.

Dorothy was familiar with all the stories and rhymes in it now. Mother had been reading and telling her all about these strange children, who live far away; of how most of them know nothing of the Baby Jesus and His Blessed Mother. And knowing nothing of Jesus, of course, they cannot love Him and serve Him here on earth, and so, be happy forever with Him in heaven.

Dorothy decided they would take the book as well as one of her dolls to the party.

At the shop, the pennies were soon exchanged for the tempting sweets, and to Majane's home went the little girls.

PUZZLE PATCH Solved

Answers

- (1) Tea, "es," you (Tsu).
- (2) Cat, e, kissed (catechist).
- (3) U, s, a (U. S. A.).
- (4) Duty, justice, charity.

Prize for best "Digging" won by Mary E. Bridge, 411 Walnut Street, Latrobe, Pa.

What a happy party that day! Majane's mother was frequently called to explain the pictures and the stories. They were so pleased with all they heard that Mother promised to ask Father Chin to send the book every month to Majane and Ruth.

When these Chinsters have parties now, they talk quite familiarly of their little brothers and sisters in the Orient. Pennies are no longer found in corners of the playroom, for each "Junior" has a tiny box for such mite-y little things. When this precious bank is full, off it goes to buy rice and milk for abandoned little babies, or to help send priests and Sisters to Eastern Asia.

WANTED

More Maryknoll Juniors! Enlist in the Junior missionaries ranks. Enrollment Slips sent free on request.

JUNIOR APOSTLES

Dear Fr. Chin:

We, the little girls of the Visitation, have been saving our pennies to buy two Chinese babies. We voted for their names in class and should like a girl to be called Agnes, after the sweet little child-martyr, Saint Agnes, and a boy to be called Joseph after dear Saint Joseph.—*The Little Girls of Visitation Academy, per Ellen Agnes Barth, St. Louis, Mo.*

A JUNIOR IN HEAVEN

Dear Father Chin:

Please find enclosed a mite from the six McMenemy boys. We will always remember you and more so when we get richer.

Respectfully yours,

All of Us.

A postscript on the letter above told that since this note was written, one of the "six," Clement Xavier McMenemy, (Franklin, Mass.), has gone to be a JUNIOR in heaven. We feel that this little missionary of eight years will keep his share of the brothers' promise to remember us always. Now that he is so much "richer," he will be better able to help the cause of the Chinese babies which he loved on earth.

OVER IN HONOLULU

Dear Sister:

I got this dollar today for my birthday. Will you please take it to help your children? I am six years old. My name is

—Dominic Doherty.

While a Maryknoll Sister was visiting in her home town before leaving for a new mission in Honolulu, a good JUNIOR friend sent her this encouraging note and offering.

We think Dominic has the spirit as well as the name of a great missionary. How many others want to help Maryknoll's two new schools in the Islands?

He wears a Chi Rho pin



MARYKNOLL-IN-SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from page 281)

from whence it was to come. Finally, in desperation, we decided to send the altar in the San Francisco house to Los Altos and supply the loss there with something to be built. A carpenter friend made the framework; a Jewish friend built and donated a walnut tabernacle; another friend gave the silk for the interior lining of the tabernacle. Then one day a lady visited the Procure, saw the framework of the altar, and suggested that we complete it with velvet hangings. That sounded good to us, and so we did nothing to prevent her from carrying out the agreeable suggestion—and paying for it.

A few other things were needed to complete our little chapel. An old but attractive sanctuary lamp we found in a secondhand shop and three priedieu in the St. Vincent de Paul Salvage Bureau; some Chinese candlesticks were donated by a friend in Coronado—in all and with all, the chapel is attractive.

Our Maryknoll Guild is awakening interest. Its object, as you know, is to help in the support of our Maryknoll Junior Seminary at Los Altos. Many like to have at least some share in the training of priests for the foreign missions—by the sacrifice of a dollar or two a month.

For those who might care to join the Guild, we take pleasure in reminding them that our telephone number is Walnut 1983. If they wish further information, the address is: Maryknoll Fathers, 1494 McAllister St., corner of Scott.

MARYKNOLL-IN-LOS ANGELES

WE had as guests here several prominent delegates to the National Conference of Catholic Charities held this fall in Los Angeles. During the session, many friends called at the Maryknoll booth in the Hotel Biltmore, but, because of the small space allotted to us, we could display only a few pieces of the handiwork of the boys and girls at the school and orphanage. The work of our little ones is oriental.

A recent number of the *Times*, of Tokyo, carried a very fine account of the work of Maryknoll here among the Japanese. A large picture of last year's picnickers headed the article. This Catholic paper was established and is still maintained by a Catholic layman, an admiral in the Japanese Navy.

The season of departure will bring more Maryknollers to Los Angeles as the great port increases its steamship facilities, with the Orient. This month we have seen eleven embark.



WHEN HIS EXCELLENCY ARCHBISHOP FUMASONT-RIONDI VISITED SEATTLE TO GIVE HIS BLESSING TO THE MARYKNOLL WORK FOR THE JAPANESE

His Excellency was Apostolic Delegate in Japan for several years and has a fine appreciation of and warm sympathy for the Japanese people

MARYKNOLL-IN-HAWAII

ON the small island of Oahu, one mountain range and only a few miles of territory separate the northern from the southern shore. The northern is the windward side, and the trade-winds blow upon us throughout the summer months, with three more months before and after for good measure. The windward side is not selfish, but parts with its breezes, after taking some of the stiffening out of them and draining a few of the lower clouds.

They call this an unusual summer, inasmuch as we have had a very generous dispensation of liquid moonshine as well as liquid sunshine. "Unusual" with Hawaiians has not the customary connotation that obtains in California; there everything unpleasant is said to be unusual; we are more truthful.

The reader may have heard of our

peculiar brand of rain that falls from the heavens without the meditation of clouds; when an umbrella serves the double purpose of keeping off the stinging rays of the sun and the silvery drops of a smart shower. But, he inquires: "What do you mean, liquid moonshine; is not real moonshine always liquid?"

What he has in mind is quite common in these islands of the mid-Pacific; a native plant furnishing the principal constituent of Okolehao, referred to with much respect by large portions of our citizenry and of our thirsty visitors. The other moonshine will surprise you with a shower while you are admiring the bright constellations overhead.

A few weeks ago, one might have witnessed ten pairs of eager eyes straining forward from an ocean liner's bow to this little island of Oahu, where these Brides of Christ longed to place their Beloved in classrooms—the Master of precious, immortal souls, made His through the sacrament of baptism—that hitherto had heard no mention of His sacred name either in praise or invocation. Their coming was not watched by eager millions, as those who two weeks before rode the air in competition for glory and lucre; but One awaited them whose approval was worth many times the admiration of the millions on earth.

The speck of islands, lying half concealed in a trough of the vast Pacific, was reached at last. As the stately ship rounded the promontory of the Crouching Lion, whom matter-of-fact Americans have transposed into prosaic Dia-

TWO TITLES FOR YOUR WILL
(Give both to your lawyer)

Catholic Foreign Mission Society
of America, Incorporated

Foreign Mission Sisters of
St. Dominic, Incorporated

PLEASE RENEW PROMPTLY

mond Head, the watchers were greeted by the far-famed panorama of scenic beauty that is Honolulu.

But a moment before, they had viewed to the left the low shores of Molokai, scene of Father Damien's heroic labors; and, to the right, the barren cliffs leading forward to the Crouching Lion. There was little here to suggest the charmed country that lay just beyond: Waikiki Beach, flanked by two huge tourist hotels, its surf riders and outrigger canoes to the fore; picturesque Manoa valley, to be the home presently of six of the watchers; Mount Tantalus guarding the enchanted valley; Halewa Heights, field of the next group of Maryknoll Sisters; Pearl Harbor—all in a magic half-circle.

At the foot of Aloha Tower, where the boat let itself be tucked in for a week's nap, was the thronging multitude waving greetings to acquaintances on the decks, and the band in spotless white discoursing soft Hawaiian airs. Leis of sweet flowers were draped upon the visitors; reporters were busy snapping pictures; and, presently, purring motors whisked the Sisters to their respective fields of labor.

The Heeia group enjoyed their trip through old Honolulu: their visit to the cathedral; their luncheon at Sr. V's latest convent; then on toward the famous Pali, passing the mausoleum of the old Hawaiian kings. There were flowers on this way that they had not seen before in park or nursery, and yet stranger trees. They marveled at the grotesque clump of hau, with trunks so twisted into each other that only a mouse could pass through with comfort. Then there were waterfalls high up on the mountain sides, that fell upward and were dissipated into invisible mist by sharp winds.

The view of Windward Oahu from the Pali cliff is one never to be forgotten: the winding road in the foreground, traversed up and down by toy automobiles; cattle ranches, with toy houses and toy cattle; farms with toy pineapple patches ten acres square—everything looked like Toyland, even the broadcasting masts of a wireless station; everything, except the broad Pacific spanning the twenty-three hundred miles between the spectators and San Pedro.

Down the Sisters plunge on the winding road, for Heeia is only six miles away. They cannot see the town two blocks long and one-half block deep, when they reach it, for the houses are few. Main street takes one into and beyond city limits; the intersecting

street, or lane, leads directly to the compound of St. Ann's.

In this compound is a fine solid old church, a newer parsonage, an old school building, with a fresh new wing for Teacher Number Three; between church and school a brand new convent that enjoys a noninterceptible view of grand old Koolau, or North mountain. Dominating the center of the compound is a huge but symmetrical Ohia—or Monkeypod—tree, which furnishes shade for the games of all the school children. The protruding roots furnish tables, settees, hurdles, hazards, stumbles—all depending on the nature of the game.

Before many minutes, the youngsters of the neighborhood were gathered under the Ohia to survey their new teachers. Encouraged by the smiles of the latter, they emitted a vociferous welcome. The Six at Sacred Heart Church, Punahou, met a more formal, but not less hearty greeting.

MARYKNOLL-IN-THE PHILIPPINES

ONE of our Sister nurses writes from St. Paul's Hospital:

We love the people very much, and each day regret that we do not know Spanish or at least Tagalog. This latter dialect is the one most common. We could do much in the way of instructing if we could talk to our patients, for so many are Catholic in name only and there are no priests to follow up these people. The nurses are very timid, and to talk through them is not satisfactory, since many times there is much that the nurse should not know. I have charge of the women patients at present and most of them are Filipina or Spanish. They understand and speak little or no English.

When I think of those who say we are not doing missionary work, I really wonder if they know in what the work consists.

Our patients include, besides Spanish and Filipino, Americans (mostly men), Chinese, Japanese, Australians, and a few other nationalities. Sr. M. de L. has charge of the American men from the boats and her apostolic labors are not to be overlooked; there is much rejoicing when one of her seamen returns to the fold. Sr. E. carries the honors with her daily communicants. She has about fifty men—all Filipino and ward cases—and it is edifying to see the line-up in chapel for confession, of those able to walk.

MARYKNOLL-IN-ROME

FR. HUGUES, a Maryknoller in Rome, writes from the Eternal City:

What is the religious atmosphere of the Romans?

In America, we are constantly re-

MARYKNOLL-AT-HOME VALUES

- \$1** for a yearly membership in the C. F. M. S. A. with THE FIELD AFAR; for 100 feet of Maryknoll land, or a Maryknoll Chi Rho pin, or a Maryknoll dollar book.
- \$5** for THE FIELD AFAR for 6 years, or stones in the Seminary wall.
- \$50** for Perpetual Membership in the C. F. M. S. A. and THE FIELD AFAR for life.
- \$500** for a Student's Room.
- \$800** for a Faculty Room.
- \$1,000** for a Private Chapel or for the Infirmary.
- \$5,000** for a Maryknoll Student Burse Foundation.
- \$6,000** for a Classroom.
- \$10,000** for the Refectory.
- \$12,000** for the Kitchen.
- \$25,000** for the Library.

galed with the returned tourists' views on the lack of religion among the Catholic European nations—hence distorted ideas of the actual conditions.

Today we decided to attend the noon Mass at St. Teresa's, the parish church around the corner from us. Arriving early, we took our position just inside the center door. The church is much larger than many of our New York churches, and, like all Italian churches, there are very few seats. The congregation is generally in motion coming and going, or walking up and down the aisles during the services.

St. Teresa's derives a little revenue by renting the seats. As each newcomer arrived, he passed into a short, narrow passageway, leading toward a sacristy in the rear of the church, paid his twenty *centesimi*, and returned carrying his own chair. If he was a father of a family, he carried four or five of them.

A minute or two before twelve, the Low Mass began. One impressive moment stands out in that service—the pause of shuffling feet and the sea of bowed heads—the tribute of that standing congregation at the Consecration. With the lowering of the chalice, heads were raised, and the shuffling to and fro resumed its interrupted sway.

One almost never enters an Italian church (and there are almost five hundred of them in Rome) without finding a goodly number of worshipers, and the men are very often almost as numerous as the women.

As someone has said, religion with the Italian is a very "homey" affair; with us it is more formal and orderly.

HAVE YOU ORDERED

Copies of
THE FIELD AFAR
For Your School?

See page 282

ALL SAINTS BURSE

You will see an All Saints Burse near the end of the list. November is the time for building it up.

WEAR THE CHI RHO

Circles

[A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and others a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll, at home and in the mission field. Circles formed in a parish are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.]

*Address all communications to
The Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.*

WELCOME TO CIRCLE LAND
FROM Richmond, Maine, and Waterbury, Conn., comes glad news of the formation of Maryknoll Circles.

Over the border in Windsor, Ontario, St. Peter Canisius Circle makes its bow and enters the Circle ranks.

Another tot in the Circle family is from Los Angeles, Cal.—already planning to support a seminarian.

A member of the Korean Martyrs' Circle has generously donated a supply of glassware.

K. K. K. No, it has another meaning than the one of which you are thinking. The *Kim Korean Klub*, of New York City, is listed on our Circle Register. Its members are helping a missionary in Korea.

Now is the time to plan your Christmas Sale for the benefit of the missions. They have proved popular in the past. Ask your friends to donate homemade pies, cakes, candy, also fancy work and aprons. You will be surprised at the results.

St. Joachim's Circle of Frankford, Pa., ranks near the head of the list for gifts in kind. This Circle has sent many boxes—we should say crates—of articles for use on the missions and at the Home Knoll. The last generous shipment was made up of towels, sheets, and religious articles.

One isn't usually grateful for showers, but, at Maryknoll, we welcome

Has your Secretary sent us a list of your Circle members?

them, particularly the ones our Circles send to the Knoll. St. John the Evangelist Circle, of New York City, held a very successful shower for our departing missionaries.

From Ansonia, Conn., came a barrel. What was in it? A generous shower from Alacoque Circle. Congratulations!

Now that our young apostles have reached their destination, remember they will have to depend on the charity of friends at home. Have the interests of these missionaries at heart. Keep them in your prayers. Should your Circle be able to help them materially, write to THE CIRCLE DIRECTOR, MARYKNOLL, N. Y., who keeps in touch with them and knows their urgent needs.

Perpetual Maryknollers

THE Maryknoll Perpetual Associate becomes a life-subscriber to THE FIELD AFAR. This is an excellent investment—spiritual and material. It assures the subscriber of a continuous share in prayers, labors, and Masses generously offered; and, though the present low subscription rate should ever have to be raised, it secures the arrival of THE FIELD AFAR during the associate's life. At present, there are listed at Maryknoll no fewer than sixty-seven hundred and ten perpetual associates.

Keep your stencil in our box.



SOUVENIR OF SUMMER CIRCLE VISITS

This is the Circle from St. John the Evangelist's Church in New York City, which visited Maryknoll with the pastor, the V. Rev. Msgr. Thomas G. Carroll, Chancellor of the Archdiocese

Extracted from the Loting Sisters' Diary

OUR brave young Sisters, of Loting, felt keenly the loss of the late beloved pastor, Fr. McShane. Since then, they have been tried again by being called back to Hong Kong.

Their latest diary reveals, as usual, their fine spirit:

June 23.—At noon, we heard the beating of drums, and, looking across the ponds, we saw a procession approaching.

Students and soldiers were in the parade, which was in commemoration of the Shameen affair. It was all very orderly, no shouting. A group of soldiers sang as they marched along, and we strained our ears to catch the words; but, as they came nearer we found out they were singing *do-lay-mc-lay-fa-sol-la-so-mc-lay-do*. There were three baptisms today.

June 24.—Mass in our chapel was shortly after seven in order to give us all an opportunity to attend Mass in

WHATEVER YOU GIVE

the mission chapel, when Dorothy, our little cripple, and Agnes, the oldest of the blind children made their First Holy Communion. They were rather a sad looking pair, one having to be carried to the altar rail and supported while she knelt there, and the other having to be led.

June 25.—Feast of the Sacred Heart; so we had exposition of the Blessed Sacrament throughout the day. All the young *moois* were dressed up. At Christmas, a kind benefactor sent us a bolt of dark blue gingham; so now each child possesses a "Sunday best" suit. There were four baptisms.

June 26.—Our conference this morning was given by Fr. Rauschenbach, on the Sacred Heart, the model of apostolic men, a symbol of love and generosity.

June 28.—It was a long procession to the church for baptisms today—seven babies in all. The first part of the ceremony in the rear of the church was about completed when another babe arrived. Father thought he would baptize the seven first, but, when Number Eight was brought in, no time was lost in administering the sacrament to him. Two of the babies were boys, the last arrival and one other, who also was dying—suffering from tetanus.

June 29.—Foundation Day, and we prayed for all Maryknollers, particularly our Father Superior. There were four baptisms.

June 30.—While we were having dinner, there came a knock at the door and we found a coolie with two baskets, each covered with grass rain coats which made them resemble haystacks. On opening them, we found that each contained a blind child. They were sent up here from Lintan. *I Koo* wanted to get them out before the expected flood came. On each child was a large cloth tag pinned with a big safety pin. The tag was addressed (in Chinese) to Fr. Rauschenbach and told where the child came from and its age. One tag stated that the bearer had not been baptized; the other that the baby had been and that its name was Blandine. During this month, we have had seventy-five baptisms.

July 4.—Fr. Kennelly sang a Month's Mind Mass of Requiem for Father McShane in the mission chapel, and, later, Fr. Rauschenbach said a Low Mass in our chapel.

July 5.—The fatal letter from our bishop came this morning. We are to have another departure from Loting, but it need not be at once. We may spend the month of July here, but are to spend the Feast of St. Dominic in Kowloon. We consulted the calendar, and, on finding that August 1 falls on Monday, decided that would be our departure date. *We shall not leave a day earlier than necessary.* As we have been expecting an early departure, we

TO PROSPECTIVE ANNUITANTS



Photograph from Fr. Byrne

Before Taking

MARYKNOLL PEPPY PILLS

I was a total wreck: I couldn't walk; I couldn't see; my highly strung nerves shuddered at the slightest summer zephyr; my circulation was on a mule; and I was obliged to have an attendant with me constantly—I was down and out.

A complete treatment of Maryknoll Peppy Pills given free to every new annuitant.

SEND NOW!

are happy that we still have almost a month to spend at our mission. One urgent baptism this morning and two others at the usual hour.

July 7.—Fr. Rauschenbach returned from Lintan with Bro. Albert, who will direct the constructing of the new orphanage there. Patrick Ip, our little prospective seminarian, came with them.

July 10.—We attended Mass at the mission church as Fr. Rauschenbach is ill. He has been treating himself for malaria for the past few days, but, as he did not improve, Dr. Dickson

was called in.

July 15.—Fr. Rauschenbach is suffering from typhoid.

July 19.—The new orphanage building was begun today, a very appropriate one—the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul. We hope to carry on the work of our "St. Vincent de Paul"—as we used to call Father McShane because of the many little waifs, blind and otherwise afflicted, that he would bring home from his mission trips.

An urgent baptism at noon and two a little later. The last caused a little excitement as it was said the baby had smallpox. The woman who brought the child insisted that it was suffering from measles, but the woman at the orphanage said it looked just like the baby received on May 14 from whom Father McShane contracted smallpox. The child was dying, and, after Fr. Kennelly had baptized her, she was placed in a building by herself, where she passed away within a short time.

July 20.—Father Rauschenbach's temperature came down to normal today. He had inoculations for typhoid last November and the doctor says that is why he has had such a slight case.

The children all have bad coughs. The new building is to be completed by August 15. When all have a little breathing space, they will probably have better health.

ON BURSSES AND WILLS

It is gratifying to note a growing interest in Native Clergy Burses. As our people realize that Western (European and American) missionaries are "helping others to help themselves," this form of coöperation will surely become more popular.

The time will come in the Orient when districts now under the spiritual direction of Western bishops and priests will be turned over to native bishops and priests. That day, in fact, has already arrived for six districts in China and one in Japan.

Every effort to provide a native clergy will hasten the day when it can be said that these countries of Eastern Asia have their own native hierarchy. And that is why it pleased us recently to receive two notable gifts, one from Missouri, the other from Pennsylvania, each reserved, and each the substantial foundation of a fifteen

(Continued on page 288)

As you take interest in our debt, our interest diminishes.

MAY HE BLESS YOU FOR IT!

BUILDING OUR BURSES

A bursary is a sum of money invested so as to draw a yearly interest which will be applied to the board, housing, and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States or on the missions.

The usual amount subscribed is five thousand dollars (\$5,000) for a bursary in this country; fifteen hundred dollars (\$1,500) for a bursary in Eastern Asia (this is for native students).

FOR SEMINARY—\$5,000 EACH

St. Philomena Bursary (Reserved).....	\$4,600.00
College of St. Elizabeth Bursary.....	4,335.00
St. Patrick Bursary.....	4,329.47
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Bursary.....	4,050.00
St. Francis of Assisi Bursary No. 1 (Reserved).....	4,000.00

St. John's Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston

Bursary.....	3,940.51
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Deaf-mutes will be interested in *Our Young People*, a magazine published from St. John's Institute, St. Francis, Wisconsin.

Fr. Cushing, of the Boston Society for the Propagation of the Faith, has brought out a booklet on the Little Flower that will hearten those in the field and stimulate the zeal of mission helpers in the homeland.

The booklet is entitled, *The Little Sister of the Missionaries*, and it presents the young Carmelite as a missionary in her thirst for souls as in her desire for actual residence in the field itself.

The booklet sells at ten cents a copy.

IN MEMORIAM

Rev. Father Chrysostom, Rev. Brother Edmond, Sr. Clarissa Statmiller, J. Sheppard, J. McKenna, Dr. D. A. Webb, Mrs. A. Laughlin, Mrs. Nellie Costello, Mrs. Hannah Brown, Mrs. Grace Meehan, C. A. Grasselli, Mrs. Elizabeth Barker, J. Wilson, M. McCoy, Mrs. Aljovin, Mrs. Ann White, J. Healy, Anna J. Wells, Maria and Frank Featherly, Mrs. G. Gilmore, J. J. Tierney, Jane Lennon, Mrs. Isabel Collins, P. Collins, J. Herron, Mary Feeny, Mr. Kelly, Ellen E. Bacon, Jane Smith, J. Ryan, Katherine Lowery, J. Curry, Mrs. Mary Dignam, Margaret Higgins, H. A. McCusker, T. A. Ward, Mrs. F. J. Daly, Mary Lough, J. E. O'Hern, E. Hynes, P. O'Connor, E. Reberdy, Mary S. Carroll, Mrs. A. D. Covell, J. A. Aicardi, J. McLeod, Mrs. Ann L. Jones.

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Deceased: Michael McGrath; John Casey; Peter A. Atherton; Francis Flynn; John Lucey; Anna M. Daley; Annie M. O'Brien; Catherine L. Riley; John Healey; Thomas McCarthy.

Nine thousand new subscribers were registered since our last issue, distributed in forty-one states and eight foreign countries. The leading states were New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and California.

ON BURSES AND WILLS

(Continued from page 287)

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